THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 2, 1927

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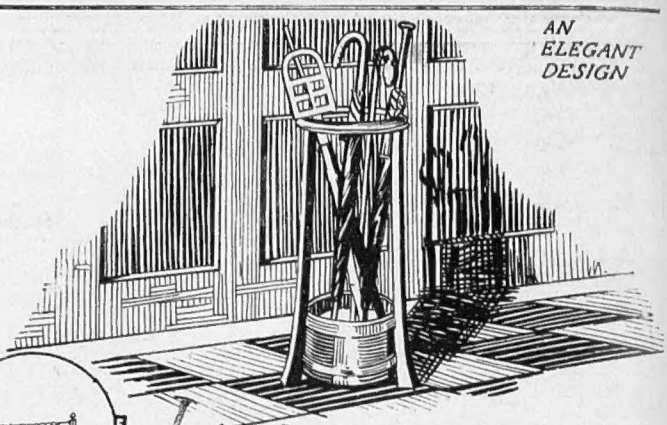
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE — *IT CHECKS PYORRHŒA*

L 283

AN ELEGANT DESIGN



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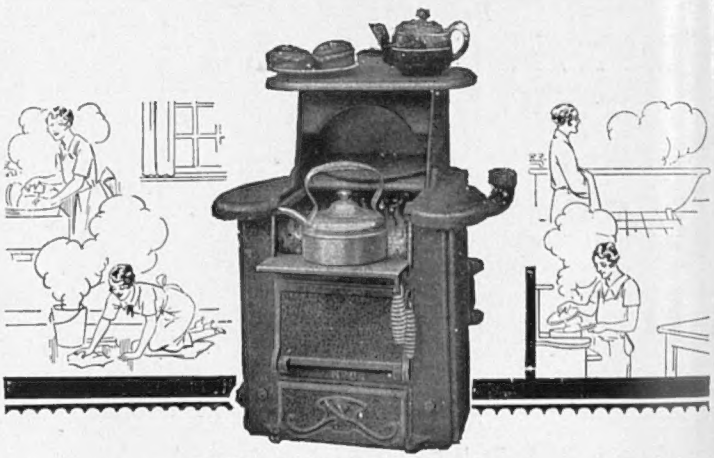

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Nothing New!

IN these days, when the collection and distribution of news have been organised to the *n*th degree, it is increasingly difficult to find anything new to write about. Something happens to you, and you rush home to tell everybody all about it—only to find that they have read the account in the evening paper.

Who Was Henry Bronker?

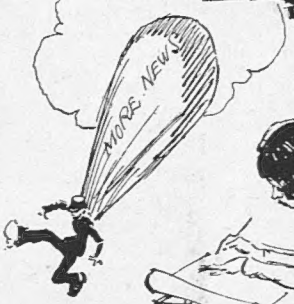
BUT I fancy the story of Henry Bronker is new. In order to start at the beginning, I must take you back to the year 1571, when good Queen Bess was on the throne, and we had not yet defeated the Invincible Armada. In that year of grace Simon Wisdom founded a Grammar School at Burford in Oxfordshire, and among his first pupils was Henry Bronker. A later pupil was that Earl of Rochester who wrote the finest epigram in the English language—but no matter!

A Thought for That Day

HENRY BRONKER was a lad of parts, and on a certain morning he penned a Latin exercise entitled "The Ignorant are Quickly Discouraged from Learning." It was written in a fair XVI century hand, and Henry was very pleased with it, for it included this great thought for that day: "So ought we pupils to act, not like the ignorant boys who are disturbed like a reed and are drawn away from learning like a bird from the snare."

Among the Missing

THE essay was completed; Henry Bronker stooped to wipe his pen on his stocking and, suddenly, the essay was not! It had vanished, no one knew whither, and poor Henry Bronker, that model of all the virtues, was sent to the bottom of the class. Years passed. King Charles was beheaded. The Earl of Rochester wrote his famous epigram. Tennyson wrote "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and Miss E. M. Hull wrote "The Sons of the Sheik." But still Henry Bronker's essay was numbered among the missing.



'WHEN THE DISTRIBUTION OF NEWS HAS BEEN ORGANIZED TO THE NTH DEGREE'.

'ON A CERTAIN MORNING HE PENNED A LATIN EXERCISE —'

Found at Last

UNTIL a few days ago, when workmen, engaged in making alterations at Burford Grammar School, came upon a piece of XVI century oak panelling and there was disclosed an essay written in Latin by a boy named Henry Bronker. I don't suggest that this true story is as exciting as "The Sons of the Sheik," but I do claim for it that it has not appeared in any other London journal, which, in these days of newspaper enterprise, is something in its favour.

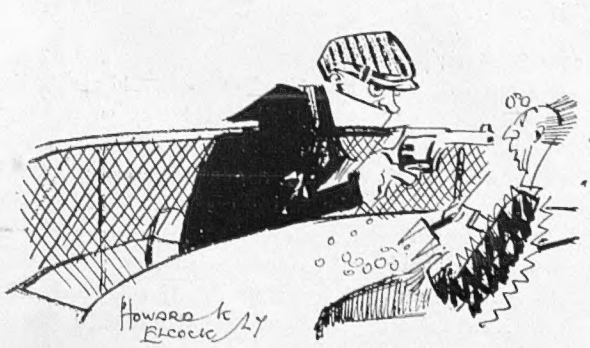
Temperamental Oddities.

A FRIEND now visiting on the Riviera tells me that Suzanne Lenglen is sadly missed in local tennis circles, and that something has gone out of the game which will not easily be replaced. This, we must presume, is another tribute to the triumph of personality over all the familiar copy-book maxims. And I am wondering whether the famous star, with all her temperamental oddities, will not be equally missed at Wimbledon. We shall see!

Personality Counts

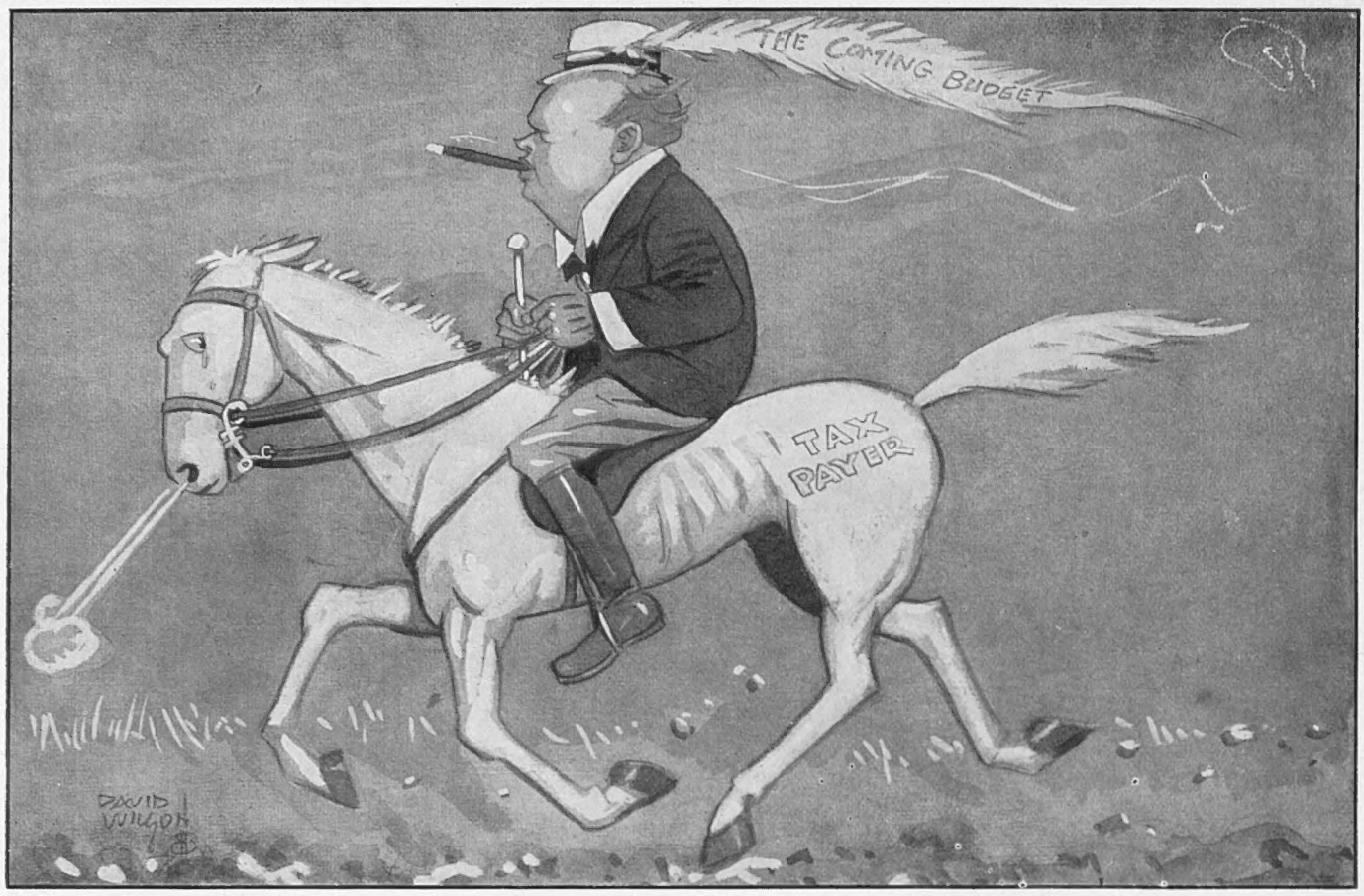
THE same situation arose with the passing of those great theatrical per-

'YEARS PASSED — TENNYSON WROTE THE "CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" AND MISS E.M. HULL WROTE "THE SONS OF THE SHEIK"—'



'SUZANNE LENGLEN IS SADLY MISSED'

'SOME WORKMEN ENGAGED IN ALTERATIONS—'



By David Wilson

Winston has returned from Rome
And, mounted on his pony,
Has stuck a feather in his cap
And called it "MAKA DI MONI!

sonalities—the West End actor-managers. We were inclined to poke mild fun at our Wyndhams, our Trees, and our Alexanders. We repeated little stories of their egotism and their love of limelight, but when they ceased to strut upon their respective stages how sadly they were missed! And who can say that a revival of the old system would not be all for the good?

A Pretty Problem

What would you do if you were alone in a bank and a low fellow, much larger than you, invited you to hand over the day's takings? It is a pretty problem, but I can think of no better solution than that which occurred to the clerk of the Strood branch of Lloyds Bank. He threw a paper weight through the bank window, and a policeman looked in to see what all the noise was about. Has any amateur Sherlock Holmes a better suggestion?

A Modern Sleuth

Talking of Conan Doyle's famous detective, I should very much like to meet Superintendent Boshier, who functions in the Woking police area. I first came across his name in connection with the Vaquier case, but his later exploits—the Great Agatha Christie Mystery and the Sensational Mitchell-Hedges Hold-up have brought him still further into the public eye. He will really have to write his reminiscences.

Startling Figures

According to a return issued recently by the London County Council there are in the County of London only 5349 public-houses and beer-houses, this representing one house for every 838 of the population. I commend these startling figures to the notice of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers, for it is surely a public scandal that their members should be overcrowded to this extent.

An Expeditionary Force

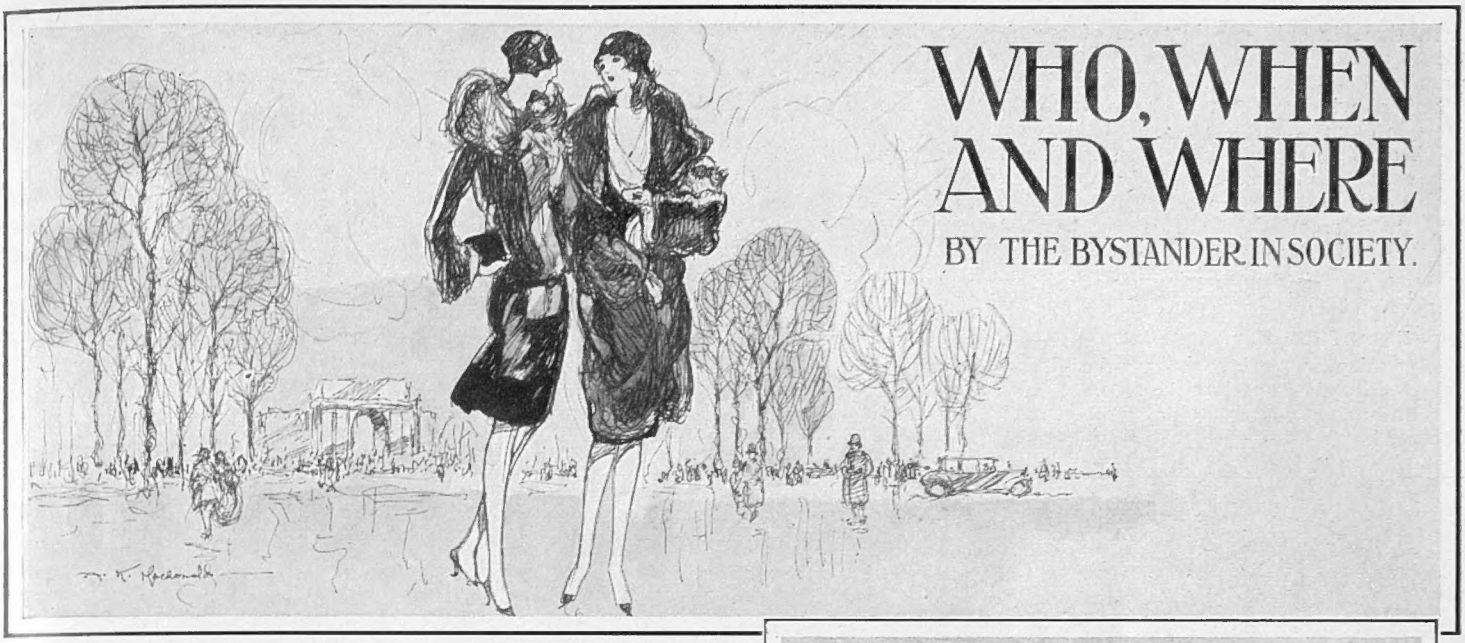
Old timers had their minds thrown back more than a quarter of a century when they saw the photographs of Marines in field dress marching through the streets of Chatham prior to embarking for China. It is a far cry to the days of the South African War, and the greater struggle that followed almost wiped it from the tablets of memory, but the scarcely remembered scenes lived again with extraordinary vividness. And there were all the old enthusiastic scenes surrounding the departure of this latest British Expeditionary Force. War dies hard!

Picture of a Man

Ernest Thesiger, "the man with the witty nose," has been saying a lot of bright things in the columns of my evening paper. Of Hawtrey he remarks: "Another of his great characteristics was his generosity. I don't mean financial generosity, for *there is little credit in giving away money that you owe to someone else.*" That is a good line, and when Mr. Thesiger's recollections appear in book form I hope he will "keep it in." For when you have read that of Hawtrey, you have an almost complete picture of the man.

A Delicate Subject

The day has long since passed when the world resolutely faced the great problem. "Should ladies show their knees?" They do, and that is that! But a new problem has arisen, and it is this: "May a gentleman look at the said knees, if he happens to be sitting opposite them in train or tram?" A leading American paper has opened its columns to those who hold views on this delicate subject, and I feel tempted to follow the daring example of my esteemed contemporary. Now ladies! Now gentlemen! Let me hear from you!



WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY.

At Sandringham

Since they returned to Sandringham after the departure of the Duke and Duchess of York, the King and Queen have been entertaining, in a series of visits, practically all the Court officials and their wives. This is an innovation, but it is a characteristic expression of Their Majesties' appreciation of the devoted services given by their Household.

Sir Derek Keppel, the Master of the Household—"Duty Derek," as he is known at Court—and Lady Keppel were early guests. Sir Derek, I should say, is one of the hardest worked men in London. He is responsible for all the domestic arrangements at Buckingham Palace which have to be made to cope with Courts, garden-parties, the visits of foreign sovereigns, functions of every kind, and a great many other matters besides. His genius for organisation is shown by the perfect smoothness with which the Royal Household is run.

A brother of the Earl of Albemarle, Sir Derek has been in the King's service for thirty-three years—that is, ever since His Majesty's marriage. Lady Keppel was brought up in the atmosphere of the Court. Her father, Lord Suffield, the grandfather of the present peer, who married one of Lord Kylsant's daughters, was permanent Lord-in-Waiting to King Edward, both as Sovereign and Prince of Wales.

The King's Librarian

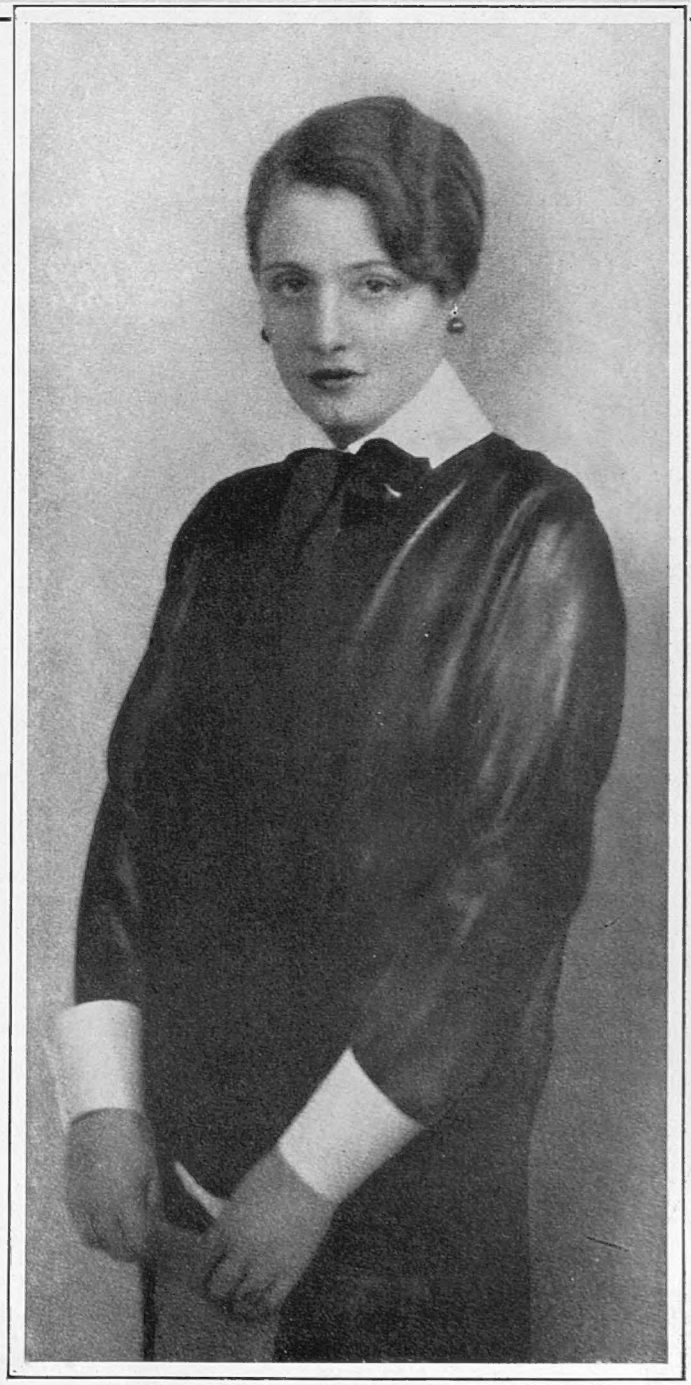
The King and Queen have not confined their hospitality to old Court servants. Last week Mr. Owen Morshead, the King's Librarian at Windsor Castle, who succeeded the Hon. Sir John Fortescue in that post last July, and his bride were guests at Sandringham. Mr. and Mrs. Morshead were married early in January at Florence, where Mrs. Morshead's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hagemeyer, have lived for some years.

When Sir John Fortescue gave up the Librarianship at Windsor, Mr. Morshead was Pepys Librarian at Magdalene College, Cambridge. He is a collateral of the Morshead baronets of Tregaddick, in Cornwall, a line that died out twenty-one years ago, and a son of the late Mr. Reginald Morshead, of Hurlditch Court, near Tavistock. Although a scholar and a bookman, Mr. Morshead won the D.S.O. and the M.C. during the War, in which he served from the outbreak until a year after the Armistice.

The post of the King's Librarian at Windsor, whilst it calls for a wide knowledge, likewise carries with it a charming suite of rooms in the Norman Tower.

The Italian Embassy

You hear on all sides expressions of real regret that the Marchese and Marchesa della Torretta are leaving the Italian Embassy in Grosvenor Square. No Ambassador can be permanent. In



A LONDON HOSTESS *Douglas*

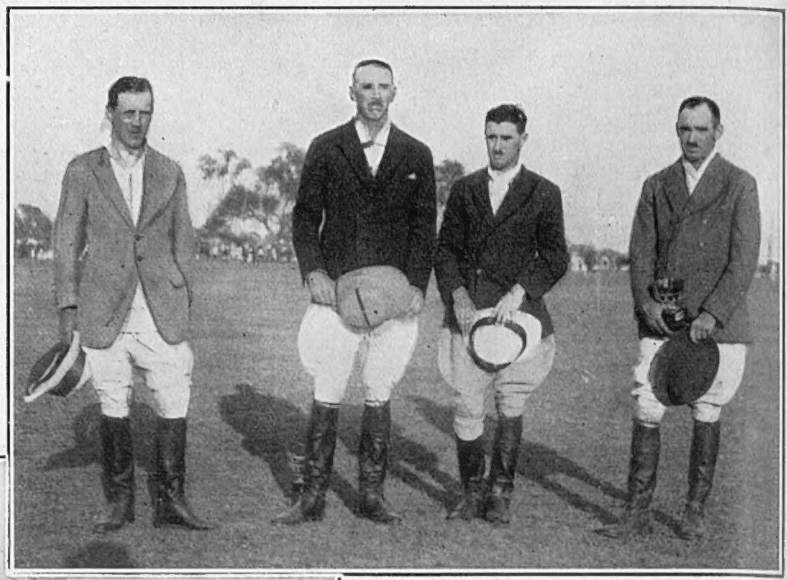
Mrs. Loudon McLean, whose husband has bought the Prime Minister's former house in Eaton Square. She is very artistic, and planned the new decorations of No. 93, Eaton Square, herself

fact, there is only one instance of any Ambassador to the Court of St. James's remaining in London for the greater part of his lifetime. That Ambassador was the late M. Cambon, who represented France from the time most of us were in our teens until we grew bald and parental.

There is an especial sympathy between England and Italy—a chord of understanding which escapes description. But it is there, and it is a vital chord. The Italian Ambassador and the Marchesa della Torretta, from the outset of their coming to London, realised the existence of this understanding. That is why they have been so popular, and why they will be so greatly missed.

The Front Door Key

If you lend your house for a hospital ball, wouldn't you expect your property to be respected? Would it enter your head that some gay and giddy dancer, male or female, would walk off with the key of your front door?



Topical

THE WINNING TEAM

The Army in India team who were the winners of the Indian Polo Association Championship. The event was played off at Calcutta

your Yale or your latch-key. It is a key of old Italian work, and described as being "unusually large and heavy." It has a sentimental value to its owner, who so far has appealed for its return in vain.

Odd, isn't it, to go and dance in a man's house and then pinch his front door key? Perhaps it is only a joke. But jokes like these may lead people to chain their silver candlesticks to the table and insure their forks and spoons when they lend their houses for hospital or hunt balls.

Not pretty, is it?

The Luck of Eden Hall

When, recently, I mentioned the announcement in a morning newspaper of the sale of Eden Hall in Cumberland, I said, "One wonders, will the 'Luck of Eden Hall,' the old glass goblet which has been in the house for centuries, and with which tradition has it that the fortunes of the Musgraves are indissolubly bound,

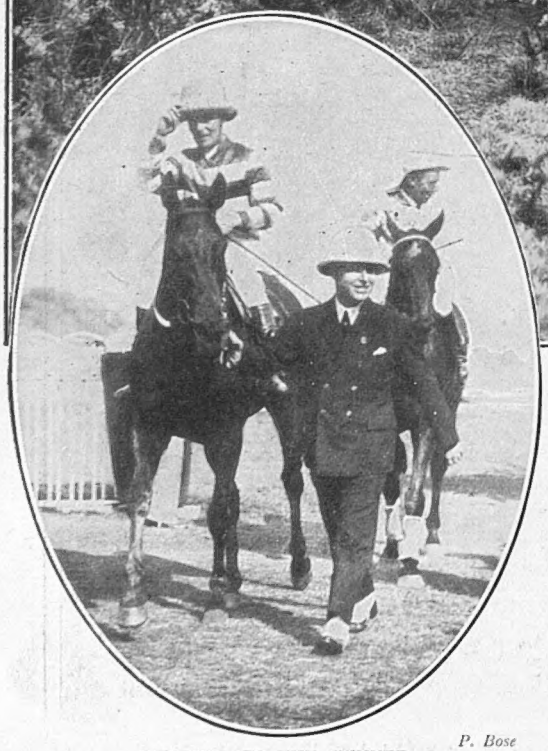
Sport and General

A CHECK

Lt.-Commander H. S. Egerton, R.N., Master of the East Sussex, calling in hounds after a check during a recent run on Beachy Head. The fox showed little inclination to "go down to the sea again"

Of course you wouldn't. But Mr. Pearson Gregory, who lent his house in Lincolnshire, Harlaxton Manor, for the Grantham Hospital Ball, with which the Belvoir Hunt Ball was combined, is a front door key the less for his kindness.

The trouble is that it is not an ordinary key—not



P. Bose

LEADING IN THE WINNER

Mr. J. M. Austin's mare Sanity being led in after winning the Indian Grand National, with Captain Leetham up. She was trained by Mr. J. Scott

P. Bose

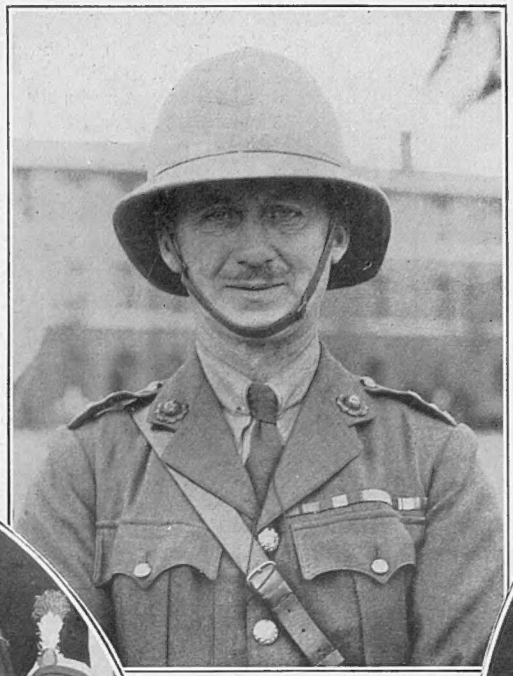
TAKING THE FIELD

Some of the M.C.C. team going out to field in their match against All India at Calcutta. The photograph shows A. E. Gilligan, Sandham, and Tate, with Boyes following

go with it, or will Sir Richard Musgrave take it away?"

A kindly correspondent at Penrith tells me that the "Luck" has not been in Eden Hall for many years, and that it is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. So your Bystander hied him to South Kensington immediately, and there he found amongst the collection of glass the old glass goblet and its leather case in a special stand all to themselves. It is immediately on the left-hand side of the doorway as you enter the room.

The goblet is not of very clear glass, but it has a design of red, white, and green enamel all round it. At first sight it looks Early Italian, but the label put on it by the Museum authorities says



Central News

IN COMMAND

Colonel Carpenter, D.S.O., photographed before sailing for China. He is in command of the detachment of marines who were among the first troops to leave for Shanghai

But when it is a question of you, my dear people, your Bystander is all ears. There, he has no pocket; no prejudices. It is his duty to tell you how the world wags—that is, of course, as far as he knows. That is what I have to tell you—I take no responsibility, I only repeat what I was told by a woman who has the reputation of always having the first dress of a new mode.

I sat beside her at luncheon. She had come over from Paris the day before, and was furious with certain French dressmakers whom she had patronised for years. Apparently about this time of year the big Paris dressmakers give favoured clients some inkling of what the Spring fashions are to be. But this year, she said, not a word. Never before had she experienced this close-lipped reticence, combined with an eagerness to sell her models that were new in November and December. She therefore drew the deduction that the change in fashion will be so

F. A. Swaine

COMMANDING AT SHANGHAI

Major-General John Duncan, C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O. He has been appointed to command the British Protection Force at Shanghai

"COME ABOARD, SIR" *Topical*

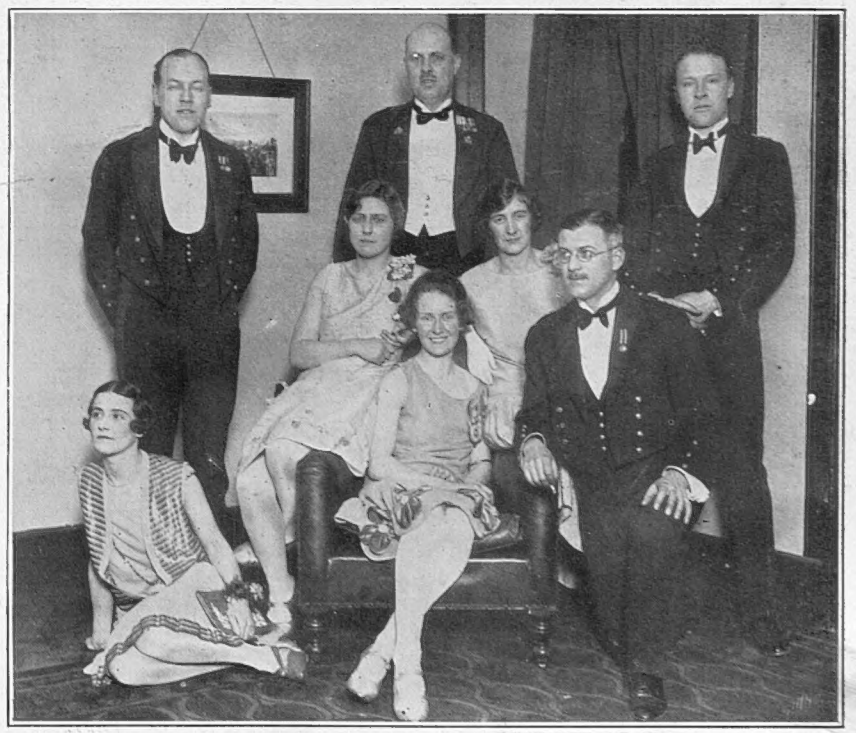
The famous Cunard liner "Aquitania," lying in the ocean dock at Southampton, was the scene of a county masked dance attended by two hundred couples. The photograph shows Lord and Lady Apsley, the Duchess of Beaufort, and Lord Rossmore on the gangway

Syrian or Mesopotamian of the twelfth or thirteenth centuries. The embossed leather cover is said to be English work of the fifteenth century.

Eden Hall is now a large girls' school, let on a twenty-one years' lease, and the same kindly correspondent who told me about the "Luck" in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and to whom I express my warm thanks, tells me that the present baronet has sold the estate. The newspaper announcement to which I referred apparently concerned the resale of a considerable portion to tenants.

Concerning Fashion

FAR be it from a mere male—however worthy and deserving—to say a word about fashions feminine. To put it frankly, they are generally beyond my means, and invariably above my comprehension. That is how female fashion touches your Bystander personally.



BETWEEN DANCES. *Topical*

Some of the dancers at the Artillery Ball of the 71st West Riding Field Brigade (R.A.T.A.) held at the Norfolk Barracks, Sheffield. The photograph shows Major J. Rodgers, Capt. Max Lewis, Capt. A. S. Watson, Mr. B. P. Parks, Mrs. Max Lewis, the Misses Gamble, E. Brown, and C. Baylis

drastic that the Paris dressmakers are anxious to get rid of all their present models, and know they won't if they give the least hint or inkling of the new designs.

This is the lady's opinion. She is a great authority on dress, but I give her view for what it may be considered to be worth.

The O.U.D.S.

THIS year the O.U.D.S. is giving "King Lear" at the New Theatre, Oxford. There will be five evening performances and three matinées, the first performance being on February 15. The play will be produced by Mr. Theodore Komisarjevsky.

Newstead Abbey

IT will come as a shock to lovers of Byron to hear that it is proposed to turn Newstead Abbey into flats. But this seems to be the fate awaiting more than one big historic house. Newstead has had several owners since Byron's time, but the one to whom the house owed a thorough restoration was the late Mr. Frederick Webb, who left it to his daughter, the first wife of that distinguished soldier, General Sir Herbert Chermside. If their child had lived it would have inherited Newstead, but unfortunately it died, and on Lady Chermside's death the Abbey went to her sister. Sir Herbert Chermside's second wife was a daughter of the Baron de Reuter who founded the famous news service.

The heavy expenses of big houses are even beginning to affect American millionaires. Two huge houses on Fifth Avenue in New York have just been given up. One of these belongs to Mrs. Vanderbilt, mother of General Cornelius Vanderbilt. It is to be pulled down and an hotel built on the site. The other belongs to Mr. Vincent Astor, Lady Ribblesdale's son by her first husband, the late Colonel John Jacob Astor. This also will either be pulled down or converted into a block of buildings.

A WEDDING OF THE MONTH *Topical*

The Hon. Doris Peel and her fiancé, Major Stewart Blacker of the Guides, whose marriage will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the 15th of this month. The bride-to-be is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Peel

Queen Mary's Hospital

PRINCE HENRY told us some interesting facts at the twenty-third annual festival dinner last week of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End, of which he is the President.

In the sixty-six years since its beginning as a dispensary it has grown into a hospital with the fourth largest out-patient department in London, with attendances reaching sometimes to 150,000 a year. Its maternity department is the fourth largest in the whole of England. To cope with all the work thrown upon the hospital £35,000 a year is needed. Three new wings have been built in the last four years at a cost of some £120,000, and have been paid for. A fourth wing is now being built, which will have a new medical ward for children, an X-ray department, and special accommodation for sunlight treatment.

Sir Leonard Lyle, who has been chairman of the hospital for twelve years, told us that in the last six years street accidents in the London County Council area have doubled. The figures made one feel positively uncomfortable. In 1921 they were 6189; last year they were 12,736. This means an even greater demand on hospitals like Queen Mary's. In the twelve years of Sir Leonard Lyle's chairmanship the hospital has become three times bigger than when he took office. So no wonder there is a deficit of £15,000 on the maintenance. If you will remember that the hospital serves a poor population of nearly 2,000,000 perhaps you will send a little something

A SERVICE WEDDING *Vandyk*

Capt. H. A. R. Graham, elder son of Lady Askwith and the late Major Henry Graham, with his bride, Margaret Lopes, daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Albertha Lopes, and the bridesmaids after their wedding in the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The photograph includes, standing: Lady Mary Amherst (left), Miss Angela Lambton, the bridal couple, and Miss Molly Heber Percy. Front row: Miss Fleetwood Hesketh (left), Miss Sheila Graham, Miss Constance Lopes, and Miss Joyce Newman

Miss Compton Collier

IN SCOTLAND

Mrs. Forsyth-Grant, the wife of Capt. Maurice Forsyth-Grant, M.C., with her three children, Maurice Ivor, Michael Osbert Frederick and Fenella Evelyn. The photograph was taken in the garden of their home, Ecclesgreig, Montrose

Bassano

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES ALLANSON WINN

Whose marriage to the second son of Lord and Lady Headley took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, yesterday, February 1. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wells Thorpe

wards wiping off that deficit and helping the completion of the fourth ward.

Great Hostess

I DOUBT if a woman's change of political opinion ever caused such a sensation as when Cornelia Lady Wimborne, who died last week, went over from the ranks of the ultra-Tories to the Liberals. The change was startling, because it seemed a contradiction in terms. Daughter of that regal Viceroy of Ireland, the seventh Duke of Marlborough, who married a Londonderry, Lady Wimborne was born and bred in a Toryism the limitations of which we cannot grasp to-day. Politics then were black or white. Your side was white, the other side was black. And then there were only two political parties.

She married Sir Ivor Guest, in those days an immensely wealthy ironmaster of Merthyr Tydvil, and later created Lord Wimborne. It was an ideally happy marriage, so happy that in his will Lord Wimborne made a public expression of his devotion and gratitude to his wife.

Lady Wimborne for years made Wimborne House in Arlington Street the most brilliant and influential gathering place for the Conservative Party. She was the foremost of the political hostesses on either side.

Then, hey presto! there came a sudden change. Tariff Reform came on the carpet. Lady Wimborne would have none of it, and, cutting herself off from all the traditions of her birth, the political sympathies of the whole of her married life, she openly espoused Liberalism and flung wide the doors of Wimborne House to a Liberal Prime Minister and his followers.

Have you noticed how characteristics and traits of far-away forbears sometimes come out in their descendants? Sarah Jennings, wife of the first Duke of Marlborough, the lady who, I suppose, is the only person who ever slapped the face of a reigning Queen of England—she slapped Queen Anne's face, and on both cheeks!—had a vigorous pen. At one time there was a heated controversy between the Evangelical and the Anglo-Catholic parties in the Church of England. Lady Wimborne's sympathies were on the Evangelical side. Her letters about certain Bishops who were not Evangelical, allowing for the difference in phraseology in two centuries, might have been written by Sarah Jennings, her great-grandmother I don't know how many times removed.

MISS ANGELA DUNCAN *Lafayette*

Who is helping Lady Carlisle with her Ball in aid of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital. Miss Duncan, who made her début last year, is the daughter of Major-General John Duncan, the Commander of the Shanghai Protection Force

Working at Pleasure

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"At Murray's"

London, *January* 31.

Dear Cousin—

Has it ever struck you, I wonder, to wonder just why so many apparently not altogether unprosperous people in this little circular world—quite well brought up sort of kind, too, I mean, and educated at Harrow and the Kit-Cat, and all that, as they say in *The Joker* at the Royalty . . . why they go about their daily job or business of pleasure with such a determined and desperate look on their otherwise sometimes not altogether unamusing countenances or dials?

卐

Thought it all out and pondered it, I have, wellnigh as deeply and profoundly as any Bishop busily revising the Prayer Book or B.B.C. official feverishly debating whether listeners-in ought to be allowed to hear about anything more frivolous than Wagner or the situation in China. And do believe it's mostly, or anyway partly, because of the way they're always wondering if they're really enjoying themselves or going to. And if they are, whether it's as much as last time, or less, or more. And quite and especially serious symptom this last, the looking backward idea, I mean. Trying to recapture the rapture of yesterday, so to speak, instead of floating gaily and casually forth with just an open mind and a vague sort of hope that something delightful may be waiting ahead.

卐

Because, for one thing, nothing ever really *is* quite the same again, is it? As dear old forgotten Robert Browning once remarked, who was apparently so terribly It in those sweetly sentimental, far-off Victorian days—

> Never the time and the place
> And the loved one altogether.

What odd, solemn, sloppy things they did write, by the way, those poets of the period—always moaning around in a rather pompous sort of way, spite of their beautiful lines, but of that more anon. But's true, is not it? and a terrible waste of time, really, getting your brows all furrowed and wrinkled in the valiant effort to be amused and have a good time, as, alas! I fear so many of us do.

"Taking Obey out of the Marriage Service"

卐

But why trouble about the past or the present? that's what I want to know—and most certainly let's leave the future on the knees of the gods. So wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee, as they used to say in the old song, likewise the furrow from your brow-w, and let's get on with it, shall us, in a truly pleasant and proper manner. And don't, above all things, let's ever try doing anything twice, because that's, after all, methinks, how most of the worry and weariness begin that some people seem somehow to find in this utterly delightful world.

卐

Something new every time, that's my motto, and never mind the past, even if it's only yesterday. We ought to leave the world more exciting than we found it, as Guinevere says in that perfectly sweet new book "Galahad," by Mr. John Erskine, which is all about King Arthur and Lancelot and Elaine, and all those other Early English heroes and heroines that Tennyson wrote those famous "Idylls of the King" around.

卐

But this 'orrible iconoclast, Mr. Erskine, is simply terribly frivolous about it all, or, anyway, throws some fearfully unromantic light on Sir Galahad, who was, apparently, a somewhat unspeakable prig and cut his mother dead because she wasn't married, and wouldn't ever speak to his father again after he'd found out about that little affair with Guinevere. Which Arthur knew all about all the time, but was only too glad because Guinevere was such a restless, managing sort of woman (rather like some of those *Américaines*, we wot of), and he much preferred to have her nag Lancelot (a frightfully nice-looking man of forty utterly *sans* imagination) into following her caprices instead.

"The virtuous Victorian, who said he liked his mutton in chunks"

卐

All of which would have simply shocked to death above-mentioned A.T., that real virtuous Victorian who, according to the Margot of the period, said he liked his mutton in chunks; not

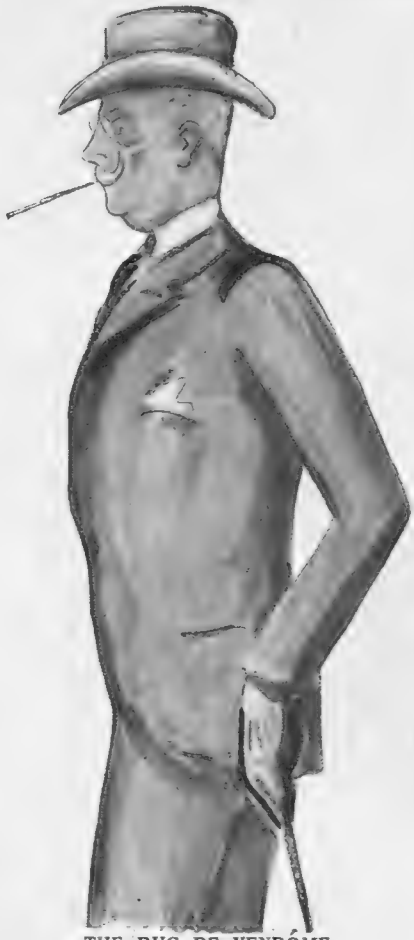
(*Continued on page* 208)

CARICATURED ON THE RIVIERA

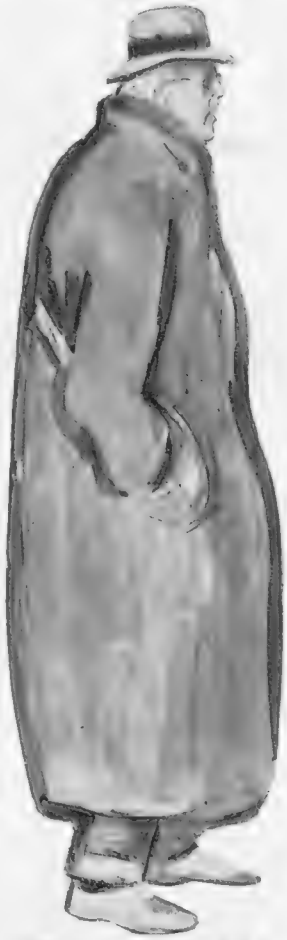
By JEAN GAST

THE BARON DE BONSTETTEN
A regular player of Polo on the Mandelieu ground

THE MARQUESS OF CHOLMONDELEY
Who is equally formidable with polo stick or tennis racquet



THE DUC DE VENDÔME
Owner of the beautiful Château St. Michel at Cannes



THE EARL OF BALFOUR
A faithful adherent to the Azure Coast and its tennis courts

H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN
Who regards lawn tennis as one of the Sports of Kings

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA
One of the oldest habitués of Cannes, where he owns the Villa Kosbeck

Some familiar figures which are to be seen each winter on the Côte d'Azur, where they play leading parts in its social and sporting life

to mention R.B., spite of last-named being thought rather a bit of a lad in his day, because he (1) wrote queer rhymes and (2) lived quite a lot in Italy. And fair horrified they'd both have been, I'm sure, if they'd ever dreamt of how the Bishops of to-day are actually planning to take the Obey out of the Marriage Service and having rings for bridegrooms as well as brides and such-like revolutionary things.

BUT don't let's worry about those well-whiskered old gents and Great Ones of the past, shall us—not when the year's just beginning to creep into bud, so to speak, and already there's been a whisper of warm zephyrs after the snow to breathe hopefully and promisingly of the arrival, however distant, of that exquisite time of infallible adventure, Spring. There's beautiful things ahead in the world, *n'est-ce pas?*—including springlike modes and fashions from *La Ville Lumière*, as some other great one once called Paris.

REMINDS me, it's from Paris, too, that famous arbiter of fashion, M. André de Fouquières, has just decreed (I *like* his nerve, don't you?) that we're to wear wigs, powdered for choice, for evenings, anyway. Just because, says he (or can it be some *chère amie?*) it suits plumpish women so much better, whose necks aren't really quite equal to the somewhat revealing display of the moment. But hardly fitted, methinks, to tripping the lively measures of the Charleston, whether you're dancing at some nice pub. or club like Murray's or somewhere, or at one of those private dances that now go on quite independent of seasons and things.

"A mouth organ competition"

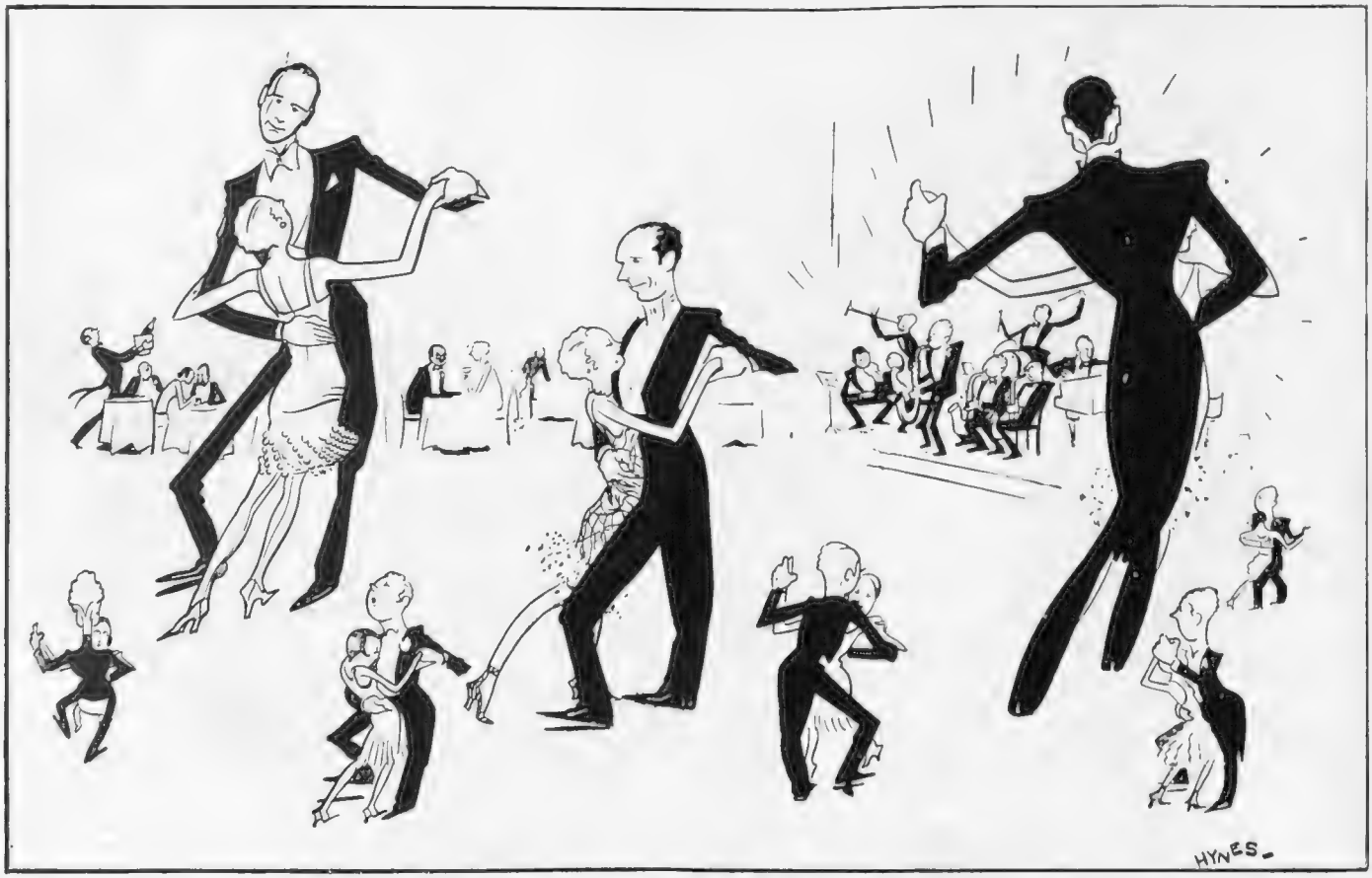
TALKING of dancing, hear Ambrose's band from the Embassy's going to the new Mayfair Hotel in March, and Ciro's is getting a new orchestra same time, too, simply dirt cheap, as they say—only £12,000 a year or so, I'm told. Gee! why didn't *my* parents teach me to play the saxophone or glaxophone, or that very latest thing in the way of a super-concertina that everyone loves and which they call a bandoleon, as used in dear old lil' Orange Street (next to the National Portrait Gallery, only the same people don't somehow often seem to visit both). And Sir William Orpen's doing the nice patriotic *décor* for the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall next month—Merrie England and all that sort of thing, and Old King Cole's to be there, too, with his jazz fiddlers three.

AND, by the way, there's yet another great event fixed for Feb., no less than the Mouth Organ Championship, to wit—yes, honest-to-goodness, I swear it's true, and there's four women in it, what's more. And there's rumours, too, of something happening in China—where Mr. H. G. Wells says they've got *ever* so much more grey matter than us. And they say the theatres are picking up, too—anyway, last week was simply chock-a-block full of first night's, including a Sutro one and a couple more of those American efforts that seem to be fair pushing their way in more and more. Though as they say theatres'll be wiped right off the map altogether by the movies in a year or two, or less—well, once more, why worry?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.



THE LATEST DANCE MOVEMENT By Hynes

Our artist's impressions of the "Black Bottom," the latest dance to invade the ballroom, as performed at the Empress Rooms, Kensington. The large figures show Mr. Scott-Atkinson and his partner demonstrating just how it is done by the experts

From Our Portrait Gallery

Hay Wrightson

MISS JOAN DUDGEON

Who was presented at one of last season's Courts, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dudgeon and a goddaughter of the Hon. Lady Burn. Her father is in the Egyptian Service

Produced December 24, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS entertaining Scottish melodrama by Wm. Shakespeare (or, if you prefer it, Francis Bacon) is dropped on the playgoing public from time to time, whenever distinguished actors and actresses feel moved to try and present the very ordinary characters from a new angle. Produced just before last Christmas this venture seems to me to be the most successful of its kind that has yet been hazarded. The story is what is known to the elect as "bluggy," and as such is naturally bound to be popular with holiday-making schoolboys, who are apparently being taken to see the performance in the fantastic hope that it will do something to improve their general education and their future good citizenship.

TO the average schoolboy, who is denied by watchful parents or wary schoolmasters the prevailing light literature on the subject of Dick Turpin or Sixteen-String-Jack, this absorbing play will come as a sheer delight; while the ability to sit in purring contemplation of two professional Murderers must be a real joy to the juvenile mind in the destructive age. The melodrama was apparently put together by Shakespeare (or Bacon) in an irresponsible moment, just to see how much of that sort of thing the average playgoer would stand without protest.

ON THE "BLASTED HEATH" *Bertram Park*

Macbeth (Henry Ainley) meets Banquo (Lewis T. Casson) under somewhat depressing circumstances. Meanwhile the three witches form a sinister background to the already gloomy proceedings

THE crimes attributed here to Macbeth and his Lady (perhaps we ought now to say his "Missus") seem to have been piled up in a spirit of sheer wantonness, since there does not appear to be historical warrant for the suggestion that Macbeth was any kind of a murderer at all. He was just a "bonnie fechter," which I think is Scottish for a hefty slosher, or something valiant of that sort. Having started Mac on a headlong career as a private executioner, Shakespeare (or the other chap) kept him at the job till the phenomenon of cold-blooded murder becomes monotonous by repetition. Then the author points the necessary moral for the proper edification of the young, which is that a gentleman perpetually engaged in the murder industry must sooner or later meet his Waterloo. Hence Dunsinane, and the untidy scuffle thereabouts.

MR. HENRY AINLEY naturally interprets the character of Macbeth with distinction, and his performance is perhaps all the more impressive because it is as far as possible on the subdued side. Macbeth is eminently the character for the traditional barnstormer, and our polite modern actors are therefore careful in dealing with the part to avoid anything like exaggeration of speech or gesture. If there be any educative value in the play of "Macbeth"—and I can see none except for humble followers of Lenin—Mr. Ainley's very creditable effort to sock a little psychology into his reading must be accounted to him for righteousness.

IN most of the other productions of this melodrama that I have been privileged to witness the course of the moving story has usually been subordinated to a precise declamation of the lines. In this production the speeches are made as if they meant something which seems to me a change all for the good. Whether a line has the right kind of rhythmic swing about it or not, it is spoken as a normal human being would speak it, and not as if mouthed by an Infant Roscius. One line in particular I always look out for in this play. It is where Macduff is urged to dispute his troubles like a man. Generally the Macduff of the occasion has reared up on his hind feet and answered back in ringing tones, "Aye, but I *feel* them like a man!" to the tumultuous applause of the gallery. Mr. Basil Gill, the very able Macduff of the present production, speaks the words almost to himself, and half-apologetically at that, and

HAIL, KING OF SCOTLAND! *Bertram Park*

The final scene in the drama of man's ambition. Malcolm (Henry Hallatt) is hailed as King of Scotland by Macduff (Basil Gill), while at Malcolm's feet lies the head of the misguided Macbeth

the famous line goes unnoticed except for the singular beauty of its rendering.

MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE is by far the most ladylike Lady Macbeth I have ever seen. Only when she is effusively greeting King Duncan on his arrival at her castle does she reveal anything of the snaky hint of double purpose. Her deep reverence to the old King is modified only by a slight hardening of the voice, which seems to be saying after her fair words, "You just wait till to-morrow, old chap, and see where you are then!" Otherwise, Lady Macbeth might be the suave chatelaine of a well-ordered country house. We know that she was a king's daughter, but the deliberate planning of a midnight massacre might conceivably be held to produce a little roughening of even a well-bred lady's character.

THIS gentler reading of the part, however, is a clear gain to Miss Thorndike in the Sleep-walking scene, which I do not think has been before rendered with such distinction. Usually the "dam-ned spot" is outed with some ferocity; but here it is dealt with in a half-plaintive tone, as if the lady were the victim rather than the aggressor, and we end by feeling a little sorry for the poor soul with a mind diseased. However fierce and bloodthirsty Lady Macbeth may affect to be in her waking moments, she is clearly a gentle creature of refined instincts in her ambulatory slumber.

MR. LEWIS CASSON, who has produced the old drama with conspicuous ability, is Banquo, a part which he plays throughout in the subdued manner that characterises the whole of the play so agreeably. But when he appears later on as his own ghost, he is hardly so successful. He sits limply on his chair at the banqueting table, with accentuated pallor, and rather unfortunately suggests our playful annual reminder of Gunpowder Treason and Plot. The fighting in the piece is perhaps not too realistic, except for the lovely two-round contest between the two Macs, Macbeth and Macduff, at the finish. In the battle, a few soldiers feebly jab halberds at each other, and here and there a soldier drops down, apparently from heart disease; but the business lacks even the simulacrum of a pitched battle. This is all the more strange because in the beginning of the play there is a clear hint of a swaying crowd of opposing fighters "like two spent swimmers that do choke their art."

THE Weird Sisters, by Ivan Berlyn, Ronald Kerr, and Miss Zillah Carter, are a distinct success. When they have done with their witchery they perform a graceful dance in the gloom, which may, for all I know to the contrary, be the characteristic antics of the breed. I mix so little with witches nowadays. The production is splendidly mounted, and I think it is quite the best presentation of this strange play that London has seen. Indeed, I found it sufficiently interesting for a second visit, and on this occasion, during the temporary absence of Mr. Ainley, owing to indisposition, I had the advantage of seeing Mr. Hubert Carter in the principal *rôle*, and could not but admire his distinguished performance.

JINGLE.

NEW SERIES

BIG DRUMS

By GORDON BECKLES

No. II. ARCHIBALD DE BEAR

MUSICAL comedies are no longer written. They are manufactured in interchangeable pieces, assembled in Broadway factories, and shipped in bulk across the Atlantic. English managers just pay their money and take what little choice there is left by the ruthlessness of mass production.

This system helps to make the theatre "a gilt-edged security," a phrase used by managers in ensnaring backers. Why, indeed, deal with composers, revue writers, dramatists, and dance-arrangers in the flesh when you can buy the finished article—with success guaranteed? Why, indeed?

I like Mr. Archibald de Bear for this: that he does not travel to New York for his wit nor to Alabama for his revue songs, to Paris for his scenery, nor Berlin for his ballet . . . despite his name, he is a home-made product. A darkly pleasant, quiet-voiced, suave little man. Something of the naïve enthusiasm of the amateur hand betrays itself in his production. He lives in a flat in that monstrous big building which overlooks the Embankment at Charing Cross. Next door—the other side of the wall—is the residence of Mr. H. G. Wells; underneath lives Sir Owen Seaman, the editor of teetotal *Punch;* over his head is St. John Ervine.

It is quite fair to record that de Bear has absorbed something of the phantasies of H. G. Wells, and not a little of the type of gentle English humour encouraged by Sir Owen Seaman.

As I say, St. John Ervine is over his head.

* * * * *

Quite the most intriguing feature of Mr. de Bear is the story of his life before he began beating the big drum.

Once upon a time there was a great engineer called Sir John Jackson, who worked wonders of irrigation in the Meander Valley, which is in Asia Minor. Back in Constantinople his office was presided over by a slim young man with vague, light eyes and a sensitive face, who spent his odd hours in cafés translating a biography of the "Red" Sultan. That man was Mr. Archibald de Bear, one-time Fleet Street sporting reporter.

Sir Basil Zaharoff, the "Mystery Man of Europe," had previously secured his services. For two years de Bear listened to the confidential secrets of the great financier; interviewed Germans, Italians, Spaniards and Frenchmen, in their own tongue—de Bear, you observe, was wandering into strange paths.

Then came another little matter. Canada in 1911 was contemplating a too-near intimacy with the United States; an Imperial Conference was in progress; Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Prime Minister of the Dominion, was in London. Sir Wilfred fell sick, and some of the responsibilities of office fell upon the youthful shoulders of his confidential secretary—Archibald de Bear.

Thus for a space the fate of all Canada rested upon the shoulders of Mr. de Bear. Can any other theatrical manager boast so singular a responsibility?

"You must come back to Canada with me," were the last words of Sir Wilfred Laurier. But he himself went back to be defeated at the polls; Canada desired no too-near intimacy with the States; Sir Wilfred Laurier desired no confidential secretary; and Canada desired no Navy. So Mr. de Bear went down to Cockspur Street and cancelled his passage to Ottawa.

Autres temps, autres mœurs. The other night two Dominion Premiers went to see "Vaudeville Vanities" at the Vaudeville Theatre. . . .

* * * * *

"Archie" de Bear's war services were typically versatile. He served in the Army, the Navy, the Naval Volunteer Reserve, being invalided out of each, torpedoed in a Hospital Ship, and a few other little happenings that might justifiably have inspired him to produce melodrama.

That left him high and dry before the Armistice as a Press agent—sponsored by Edgar Wallace—at the Hippodrome, under Albert de Courville, another ex-journalist, by the way.

He visited Mr. Leslie Henson in his dressing room at the Winter Garden during the dying evenings of "A Night Out" in the hottest summer for years, 1921. And those were most important visits; one of which I well remember. Phyllis Monkman strolled in; Stanley Holloway, too, with Gilbert Childs, Davy Burnaby, Laddie Cliff, Elsa McFarlane, and other members of the cast.

"Now, we're altogether, what about the all-star pierrot show Davy is always talking about?" asked de Bear.

"Yes," replied chorus, "what about it?"

And the result was the birth of the Co-Optimists—a name now part of the English language, which de Bear invented and had published before the others saw it—in case they disapproved. . . .

* * * * *

That little venture set de Bear on his feet; his slightly mournful face assumed a look of pathetic happiness. He wrote a fantasy called "Punch and Judy Up to Date" to celebrate his success as a sponsor and part proprietor of a highly remunerative troupe of pierrots. Everyone liked that fantasy at the time.

And then a friend of mine happened to tell de Bear that he had a theatre coming on his hands with a great comedian, the late Alfred Lester.

"Splendid!" said de Bear. "I've got my "Punch and Judy Show," etc., etc. . . . Lester will be a wonderful Showman . . . and we'll write something in front of it and something behind."

Thus the sandwich form of revue was born, not by deliberate intent, nor by artistic evolution. That is delightfully characteristic of de Bear.

He is one of the few men left in the lighter side of the theatrical business who is impervious to the onslaughts of the vulgarity and garishness of the age.

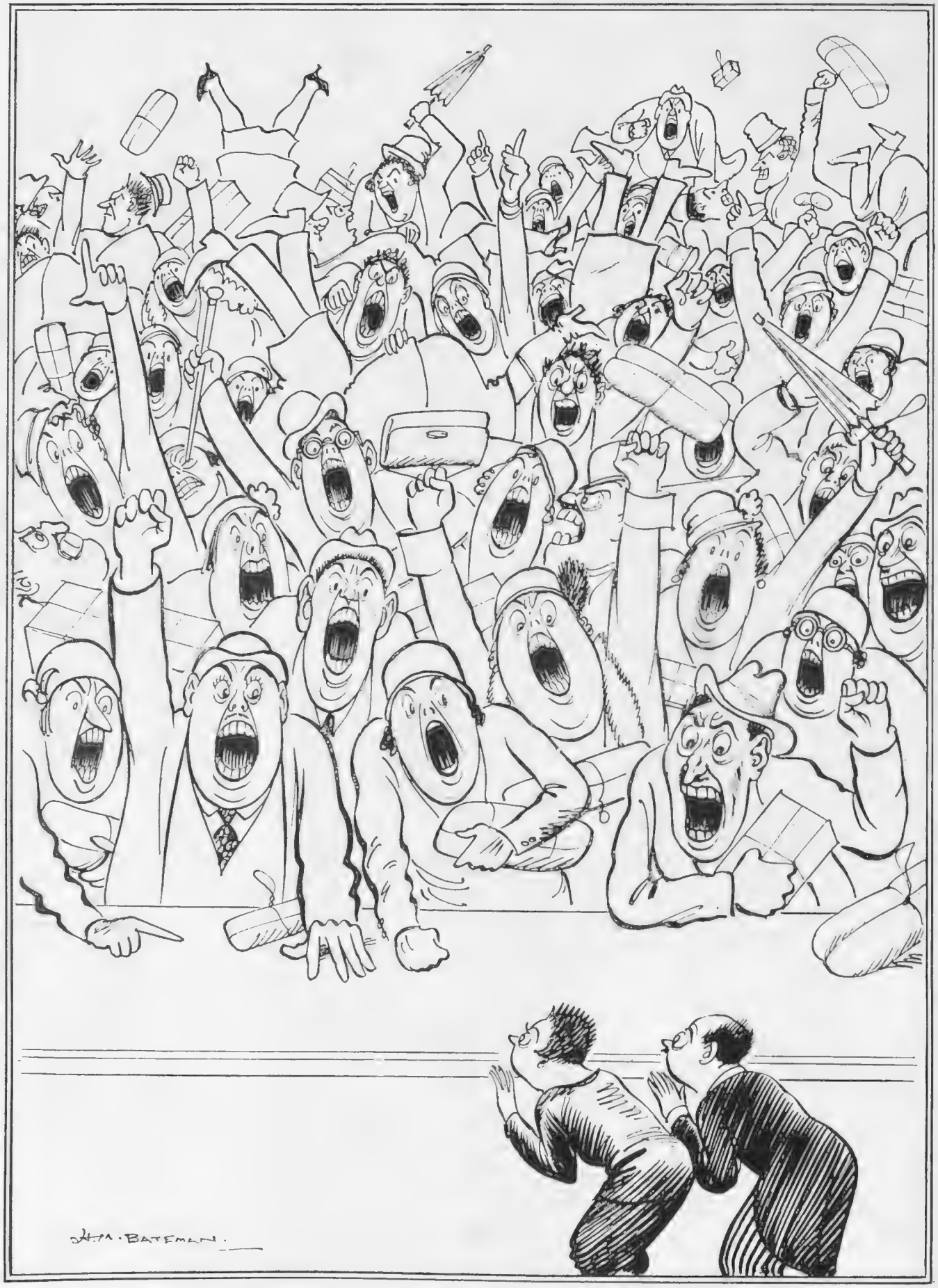
A Stage Romance

Hal Linden

MISS PHYL ARNOLD

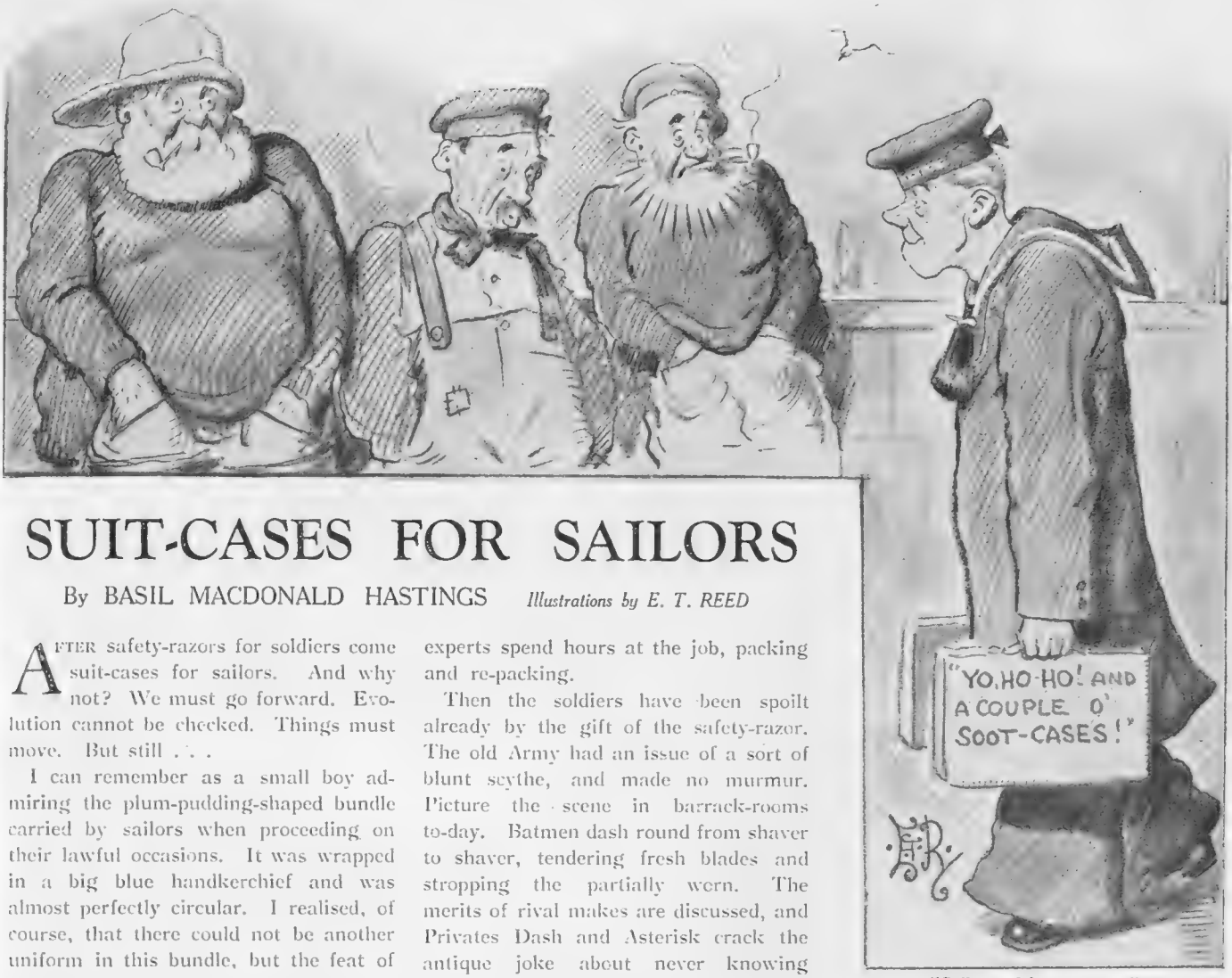
The charming actress, who is to be married to-morrow (Thursday) to Mr. Harold French at Brompton Oratory. They are both playing in "Lido Lady" at the Gaiety

A Counter—blast in Shopland



BY H. M. BATEMAN

Sale-time shopping as seen from behind the counter



"Sailor and bagman, too"

SUIT-CASES FOR SAILORS

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS *Illustrations by E. T. REED*

After safety-razors for soldiers come suit-cases for sailors. And why not? We must go forward. Evolution cannot be checked. Things must move. But still . . .

I can remember as a small boy admiring the plum-pudding-shaped bundle carried by sailors when proceeding on their lawful occasions. It was wrapped in a big blue handkerchief and was almost perfectly circular. I realised, of course, that there could not be another uniform in this bundle, but the feat of mixing up spare shirts, boots, razor, brushes and so forth to make a symmetrical ball struck me as very wonderful. Come to think of it, I was right. It is much more difficult to circle the square than to square the circle. Cf. one-way traffic.

The art of constructing these wonderful bundles has obviously been lost. A new type has joined the Navy, a type concerned with the practical rather than the picturesque. To make a perfect sailor's bundle of the old kind must have taken at least an hour. Now Jack can pack his kit in a couple of minutes. It is a great gain, of course, but, from the back, the lads going on leave look like marine commercial travellers. "Sailor and bagman, too."

This will not put off the soldiers, who are sure to be jealous. Contemplate that supreme abomination of Army life, the soldier's kitbag. It is calculated to ruin the shape of spare tunic and breeches, and is practically unpackable till the user has had years of practice. Let it be admitted that many succeed in making it look "neat and tidy" when full, but I have seen such experts spend hours at the job, packing and re-packing.

Then the soldiers have been spoilt already by the gift of the safety-razor. The old Army had an issue of a sort of blunt scythe, and made no murmur. Picture the scene in barrack-rooms to-day. Batmen dash round from shaver to shaver, tendering fresh blades and stropping the partially worn. The merits of rival makes are discussed, and Privates Dash and Asterisk crack the antique joke about never knowing where to put the discarded blades. The old Army could have told them, but the old Army has gone.

When we reflect upon these changes in the great services, it is well to understand what has brought them about. Soldiers and sailors of to-day are no longer rough fellows. Many of them are bun-and-milk fans. I asked the landlord of the only hotel near a great permanent camp if he did not do well out of the soldiers. He roared in derision.

"Soldiers! Very few soldiers drink beer now. Might come in sometimes for a milk-and-soda and a heartcake. Besides, the chaps down here have all got motor-bikes, bought on the hire system, and they're given a thirty-mile pass."

It is unlikely that things are much different in the Navy. Whether they march or sail, these chaps belong to the same generation, and it is a generation of soft drinks, safety-razors, and suit-cases.

I wondered if the policeman was being treated with similar sympathy. He has so much walking to do that I think a walking-stick might be "issued" to him. A nice yellow cane with a big metal knob would be pleasant for him to suck and lean on at times, and could be waved effectively on the occasion of directing traffic. The uniform of

"I've joined the Russian Ballet . . . Just watch me directing this traffic for a few moments"

the police, after all, is not exactly æsthetic, and a stick would lend it elegance.

I consulted my favourite policeman on this point (and on his point).

"You know," said I, "that soldiers have been given safety-razors. You may also know that sailors are all to have dear little green canvas suit-cases. Why should you be left out in the cold? And what shall I say that you would like?"

"In the first place, sir, I'm no longer a policeman. I've joined the Russian Ballet. Don't start back like that. You'll get run over. Just watch me directing this traffic for a few moments. See what I have to do with both my hands and my feet. I went to the Lyceum not long ago to see those Russians, and I swear to you that there's mighty little difference between their men-dancers' antics and mine. But they've got the clothes and the shoes for the job, haven't they? I didn't join the police force, sir, to be turned into a highway ballet-dancer, but, if I've got to put up with it, I reckon I've a right to turn in these boots and get an issue of dancing pumps."

I promised to see Sir William Horwood about it, but Scotland Yard, alas! is not nearly so soft-hearted as the Admiralty and the War Office. The members of the L.C.C., however, have hearts, and that set me thinking of the Fire Brigade. If sailors have suit-cases and soldiers have safety-razors, why should not firemen have trouser-presses?

"It's not trouser-presses we need, sir," said a stalwart fireman to me, taking his thumbs out of his belt to show that he had them and instantly putting them back again, "but an allowance for hairdressing."

I stared wildly at the man, but I had to admit that all firemen I had seen without their helmets have admirably glossy heads.

"A singe and shampoo free"

"How's a man going to keep the head of hair that is expected of a fireman on the wages we get? An ordinary fire will destroy a Marcel wave, which costs 2s. 6d., and a conflagration simply blots out a guinea Gent's Permanent Wave. We don't mind paying for haircutting, but we do say that no fireman's head can be a credit to his shining helmet unless he has an allowance for the damage done by every fire he attends. Safety-ladders is more in our line than safety-razors. We see more sooty chimneys than suit-cases. Let the soldiers and sailors have what they want and let us have what we want. And what I suggest is a free monthly shampoo."

"A shampoo costs a shilling. Wouldn't you be content with a sixpenny singe?"

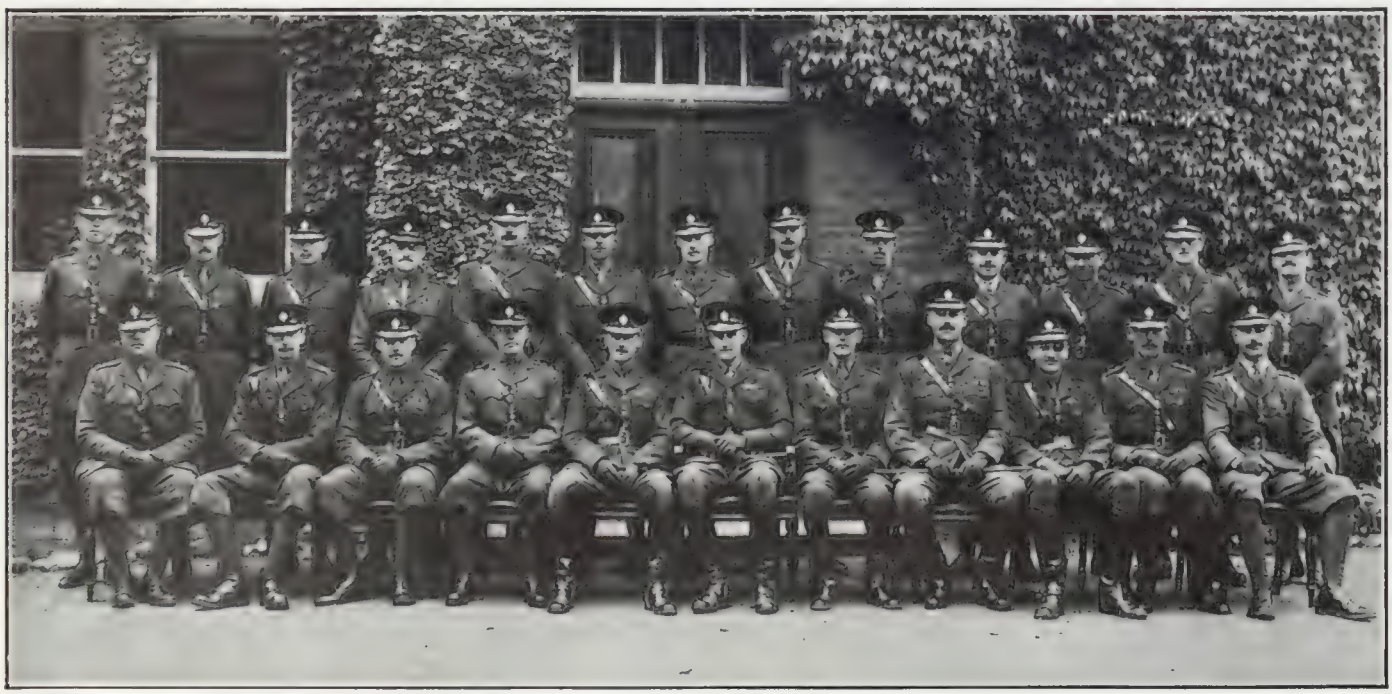
The fireman scowled. "We get singed quite enough for nothing already."

After that I expected my favourite postman to demand a weekly face-massage.

"I see all about the sailors getting their suit-cases," said the man of letters. "Let people who like that sort of thing have it. Speaking for myself, my only criticism of my letter-bag is that I wish it was half the size. Supposing the Post Office was to treat us like soldiers and sailors and give us such things as manicure sets and chiropodist outfits, we'd only get soft and then what about the next war? Do what you like with the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force, I says, and keep the Civil Service tough."

Sailors don't care, says the song. But a sailor with a suit-case is sure to meet a girl who wants him as a suitor, and she will make him care.

B. M. H.



Central News

GOING EAST

The officers of the Second Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, which has been ordered East. This is the first time that any unit of the Brigade of Guards has been on service in the East since troops were at Chanak, in the Dardanelles, just after the War

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"NUMERO UN"

SOIR DE

PREMIÈRE

Wear to 'Ware!

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

A timely warning to those who still delight in the game of "dressing up"

"There is a rap of limb on wood—a splitting crack"

PEOPLE I REMEMBER

By ARTHUR MILLS *Illustration by ALBERT BAILEY*

No. IV. THE MAN WHO WENT FIRST

THEY were the days when young men hunted as young men should hunt, cleaning their own boots if need be and counting it of more consequence to spend their money on corn than cocktails, or chorus girls then at their zenith.

They hacked to the meet, perhaps ten or twelve miles; they hunted the same good horse the livelong day, and at night they rode—or maybe walked—a dozen miles home. Great days those, and great fellows that lived to enjoy them before war called them to ride in the greatest hunt of all.

Among these was Larrie Lane, yeoman of the county of ——shire.

Larrie hunted as a farmer as his father and grandfather had done. His weather-worn bowler, serviceable cord breeches, and jack boots were a familiar feature among the pink-coated brigade, for the most part Midland manufacturers and good sportsmen all. More entitled by lineage than many to be counted as a gentleman, he made no pretence to hunt as one, preferring to maintain the character of simple fox-hunting farmer that his forefathers had done.

So Larrie called the pink-coated brigade "Mr. this" and "Sir John that," and they all called him "Larrie."

In a quiet way he did a bit of horse-coping, going round fairs and picking up horses for twenty and thirty pounds, making them, and selling them for three and four times the money.

These transactions were not always satisfactory to the purchasers. It sometimes happened that a horse Larrie had sold to some prosperous business man would develop traits when ridden by his new master that had never been apparent when ridden by the old.

At such times when Larrie was informed of this his air of bewildered surprise was a pleasure to watch.

We often used to ride on to the meet together, and one such a day I remember we came up just as Sir John —— was getting out of his car. Sir John was a good sportsman and a good employer; he was master of a big iron-works in the neighbourhood; he also commanded the county yeomanry in which Larrie was a trooper.

He looked at Larrie none too amiably as he rode up. "Hey! you!" he called.

"Mornin', Sir John," Larrie reined in, "that chestnut 'oss carry you all right?"

"No, he didn't," snorted Sir John. "I was half an hour on Tuesday trying to get him over a post and rails, and got thrown out of the hunt."

"Refused it, did 'ee?" Larrie looked much astonished. His eyes rested critically on a big weight-carrying chestnut that a groom held ready for Sir John to mount; "never know that 'oss refuse timber before."

This was terminologically true, for the chestnut horse never had refused anything with Larrie; few horses ever did—more than once any way; for Larrie

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

had a way of driving a horse at a fence that left him no option. However, Larrie knew quite well the chestnut was apt to refuse unless the man riding him threw his heart over the fence first, which Sir John was not over fond of doing. However, Larrie was too good a diplomat to try to put a good customer in the wrong. He appeared to think deeply for some moments, then looked up:

"Tell you what, Sir John. I've got a black horse here that will carry you over anything; you ride him to-day and I'll ride that chestnut; then we'll soon see if he likes timber or not."

This arrangement was agreed to, with the result that at the end of the afternoon Sir John buys the black horse as well, finding him, as Larrie promised, an ideal patent safety performer, but being reluctant to let go the chestnut, which he has seen Larrie ride at the top of hunt all day.

So much for what a man born to the game can do. But in the exercise of his profession of hunting horse-coper—an occupation that most congenially suited his own tastes, enabling him as it did to hunt five days a week—Larrie did not entirely escape becoming apprentice to what Whistler called the gentle art of making enemies. He sold too many horses that jumped perfectly with him, but not with others; and now and again one that became lame soon after the purchase, unaccountably, so that the vet. himself was not prepared to swear the horse had not been sound on purchase.

Yes, there were many people who looked askance at Larrie, and some who said openly that he was a scoundrel, though the truth was he was neither better nor worse than others of his kind.

However, if in some ways Larrie was not above reproach, there was one respect in which his reputation was unassailable. He was an absolutely first-rate man to hounds. There are many who will go well enough if they have got a horse that they are sure of. One famous thruster, of the last decade, in Leicestershire made no secret that he never rode a horse a second time after it had given him a fall, unless the fault was not the horse's. But Larrie was of different type; he was a rough rider in the truest sense; he would set any horse at any obstacle; *and he was always ready to go first.*

I remember seeing that light wiry figure among a group of others at a check. The quality was there too; the Master, who rode as straight as most, and Tom, the huntsman, who had broken every bone in his body at one time or another, some young bloods from the cavalry barracks, as eager for glory as a corporal in the Foreign Legion. But on the faces of one and all doubt is written. Scent has temporarily failed and hounds are feathering in the next field. A fence, big and black enough to enclose a herd of elephants, bars the way to the field, set on a bank, too, so that the most determined horse could not get a fair run at it. There is only one way over and that lies by a stile; the stile is also set slightly on the bank; the approach to it is greasy, and on the landing side there are strewn great slabs of stone; it is as ugly a looking place as could be found.

In the minds of all there is the same thought: "If hounds run what are we going to do about it?"

A whimper, a wise old hound feathering alone ahead has hit the line; the others join him, and now hounds race forward.

The Master looks at Tom. Tom looks at the Master; the young bloods from the cavalry barracks look at one another. What are they going to do about it? That place is over the odds, but hounds are racing ahead, and they must go on or get left.

Tom gathers his reins and grins wryly: his job is to get to hounds; he'll have to have a try. But just as he is setting his horse at the stile, just as the young bloods are getting ready for death or glory in their turn; just as the Master is loosening his feet in the stirrups and preparing to lead the way, a figure shoots out. A billycock is crammed upon his head; his cord breeches mud-stained; his jack boots roughly polished. He is riding a four-year-old—heaven help him!—a horse that maybe has never seen a stile before. Straight at the stile he rides, not too fast, but resolutely.

There is a rap of limb on wood—a splitting crack (the stile is old and rotten)—a kaleidoscopic picture of heels in air and overturning bodies, an anxious, breathless moment; then a figure is seen to pick itself from the ground clutching the reins.

"God bless you, Larrie," calls Sir John, "you've broken it for us."

Now the rest ride through the gap and wait while the man who is ever ready to go first gets up on to a muddy, bewildered four-year-old again.

That night we ride home together. We stop at an inn for gruel for the horses and some refreshment for ourselves. Larrie anxiously feels the four-year-old's legs; happily the knee is not filling; the horse represents capital to him—just as iron does to Sir John.

"Good horse, that," I say.

"Yes," Larrie agrees, "I think he'll make a hunter."

We mount and ride on into the darkness. Larrie is at no time a great talker. This evening it is plain he has something upon his mind. He unburdens himself after a mile or two.

"Sir John went on proper yesterday about that chestnut horse I sold him."

I say nothing. I have no doubt in my own mind that the iron magnate has been grossly taken in. But as well preach to the sea waves as to Larrie on the ethics of horse-dealing.

"Think he's really sore?" asks Larrie anxiously, more concerned about future transactions than righting the present wrong.

I laugh. "I think after you broke that rail for him he'll forgive you anything."

"It was a tricky place," Larrie agrees.

Winter passes and summer comes, and with the summer—war.

The years have passed; the scene has changed to Palestine. On a fifteen-mile front Allenby's guns thunder at the Turkish lines. Presently the cavalry advances and, passing those stunned, bewildered infantry, ride out into the blue. An epic ride; one of the greatest cavalry actions in the history of war. But behind the scene of the set piece of their achievement there are divers difficulties.

One such presents itself to Colonel Sir John ——, temporarily commanding the ——th Brigade. His orders are to take Haifa. He is out in the blue, miles from infantry support. He has come to a narrow gorge that leads to the Plain of Armageddon. He has already met machine-gun fire, and reports have reached him that a whole fresh division of Turks await him beyond that gorge. If the report is true and he gallops through, it means that he will sacrifice his whole brigade. If he delays, then he will lose his fox.

A yeoman captain is by his side—a hard-bitten looking little man who has been his constant companion for four years. To him Sir John confides his doubts.

"Well, we'll soon see," says the other, and before Sir John can stop him has set spurs to his horse and is galloping through the gorge.

The rat-tat-tat of a machine-gun is heard. Sir John and his staff listen intently. No sound of other firing. Perhaps after all there is only a stray machine-gunner or two in front. The order is given to advance.

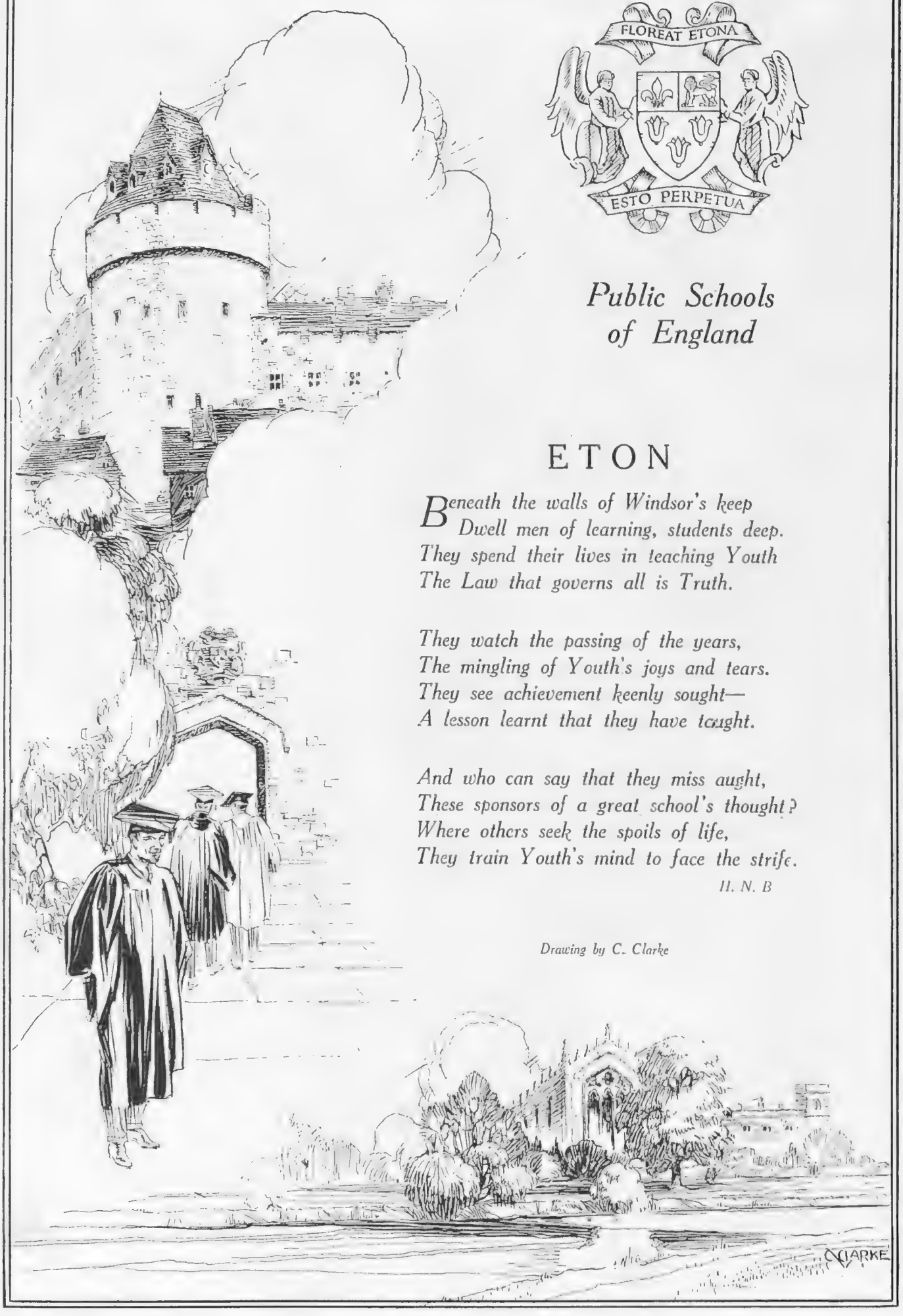
So the cavalry go through and ride their glorious gallop to a hill. But Larrie they leave behind on the Plain of Armageddon, where other great leaders in their day have lain. A. M.

A Word of Warning!

Lenare

MISS DOROTHY SEACOMBE

Who came into prominence in "Just Married" and "Aloma." She is now playing the lead with Harry Green in "Give and Take," the new three-act farce comedy at the Globe Theatre



Public Schools of England

ETON

Beneath the walls of Windsor's keep
Dwell men of learning, students deep.
They spend their lives in teaching Youth
The Law that governs all is Truth.

They watch the passing of the years,
The mingling of Youth's joys and tears.
They see achievement keenly sought—
A lesson learnt that they have taught.

And who can say that they miss aught,
These sponsors of a great school's thought?
Where others seek the spoils of life,
They train Youth's mind to face the strife.

H. N. B

Drawing by C. Clarke

Dancing Nights in the Shires Seen by the Camera

Back row: Mr. Digby Whitehead (left), Captain Curmick, W. Boddington (Huntsman, Whaddon Chase), H. Pitcher, Major Sowler, Mr. A. Morley, Mr. Cecil A. Joll. Front row: Miss Joan Robinson (left), Lord Orkney, Mrs. Mingall, and Mrs. Digby Whitehead

Above and below are some of those who were present at the Bucks County Farmers' Invitation Ball. This was held recently at the Town Hall, Aylesbury, in aid of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution

Topical

Back row: Mr. Muspratt (left), Mr. K. G. Case, Captain S. H. Russell, and Lieut.-Col. Sir Alan Burgoyne. Front row: Miss Joan Lowndes (left), Miss Sylvia Watson, Miss Burgoyne, and Miss Mattine Thompson

Photos

Back row Miss Colvin (left), Mr. Scott, Capt. Swan, and Mr. Brooksbank.
Front row Mr. Joselyn (left), Miss Bleackley, Miss Chamier, Miss Tullock, and Captain Herring-Cooper

BETWEEN DANCES *Bal*

Dancers at the Midland Counties Hunt Ball, which was held at the Market Harboro' Assembly Rooms recently. The group comprises: The Misses Gwen and Dorothy Hayr, Mr. Gordon W. Hayr, Miss Sheila Mcleod, Miss Gwen Pochin, Mr. F. Measures, Mr. J. M. Belcher, and Mr. Horace Pochin

News Illus.

Some more of the dancers at the Essex and Suffolk Hunt Ball. The photograph shows Mr. Houston, Mrs. Round, Mr. C. J. Round, Miss A. Harris, Mr. Motion, Miss Bruce, Mrs. Motion, and Captain England

Some hunting folk who deserted the fox for the fox-trot at the Essex and Suffolk Hunt Ball. It was held recently at Moor Hall, Colchester

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A BOARDING-HOUSE for elderly people only is advertised. It is pleasant to think there is an old age *pension* awaiting them.

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MR. A. J. COOK is said to be up to his monkey tricks again. Surely we've all had enough of this gorilla warfare.

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LAST week we read that "the fire raged furiously for twelve hours" in the North of England. We wish the one in our grate would do the same.

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THIS year we are told that the Chancellor is faced with an immovable mass of debt. Nevertheless, he will have to budget.

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ALSATIAN dogs are getting themselves disliked. They would appear to be the ne'Airdale-weels of the canine family.

. . . . . .

THE asylum attendant was marshalling his patients for dinner, but it was certainly tactless to call out, "Now then, are you all there?"

. . . . . .

AN architect has been convicted of bigamy. Some of these designing people will do anything.

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A FINANCIAL paper tells us that the turnover at Somerset House this year has fallen below expectations. They are thinking of renaming it Somersault House.

. . . . . .

"NOWADAYS," says a theatrical manager, "we cannot let the grass grow under our feet." How then does he explain the vogue of the Moss Empires?

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(Mr. Arthur Wimperis.)

His wit, a trifle too satiric,
Yet earns a hearty panegyric;
Some day I fancy, don't you know,
He'll be a wimpresario!

. . . . . .

FROM a provincial paper:—"Mr. and Mrs. Jones celebrated their golden wadding yesterday." It looks as though they were wrapped up in cotton wool.

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ARTICLES on the Canadian wheat growing districts are appearing in a contemporary. They read like an Imperial cereal serial.

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DURING the recent English and Welsh match an English forward paid special attention to the opposing half-backs. After the game, the latter were reported to be suffering from attacks of Periton-itis.

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A CYNIC declares that marriage and crossword puzzles are lotteries. Yet in the latter there is a faint chance of securing a prize.

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AFTER the crash, the car was found with a broken axle, wrecked steering-gear, and a smashed bonnet. We understand that the driver has now another pair of wings.

. . . . . .

THE tabloid confession of a tattoo artist to his wife:—"Dear, I want to get something off my chest!"

THEN AND NOW

I used to think, when I was young,
A gory pirate I would be,
Who'd take no prisoners, but bung
The bally lot into the sea,
Or, emulating Captain Teach,
Maroon 'em on some desert beach.

In dreams I banged on Blackbeard's drum,
And wielded Long John Silver's crutch,
And daily swallowed quarts of rum,
Stuff that I shouldn't like to touch.
I uttered swear-words I daren't print,
And had a heart as hard as Flint!

I loved the etiquette that bade
Those fifteen men squat on the chest
Of him who had become decayed,
And gone to his unhealthy rest.
I wore a cutlass, and I know
We all sat round and sang "Yo Ho!"

Forgotten now are Blackbeard's crimes,
And Flint and Silver long have gone;
We live in more enlightened times;
In fact, we're told we're getting on:
Yet profiteers and their fierce ways
Prove there are pirates nowadays!

. . . . . .

A DOCTOR states that women who are least susceptible to disease are "ashen blondes." Well, you can't have anything fairer than that!

. . . . . .

"HAD Solomon a favourite wife, Daddy."

"If he had, my boy, she must have been one in a thousand."

. . . . . .

BABE RUTH, the celebrated baseball player, is said to have incurred the displeasure of his team's directors. But surely Ruth is stronger than friction?

BY FRED BUCHANAN

THE PERFECT AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

A Clan-destine Rehearsal!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Distressing illusion on Ben Nevis caused by the secret practice of the Charleston by a prominent member of the Scottish upper circles

RUGGER REACTIONS

SOLOISTS

By "PENDARVES"

It may interest some people to know that there is a Society of Soloists. To give this Body its right title it is "The London Society of Rugby Union Referees." That 200 clubs and schools about the country are "affiliated" to this Society; and that during the 1924-25 season (I have no Solo figures since), when the All Blacks—the real ones—were over here, and so many club games were cancelled accordingly (not from fright, but from interest), there were approximately 2,350 separate and individual solos played upon whistles. One ought to draw attention to these acts of heroism now and again, if only because these wretched "Refs." get all the responsibility and none of the honour and glory, nor even, so far as my experience goes, any thanks.

You can find a hundred men in and about London any Saturday afternoon you like, about 5 p.m., who will tell you, with emphasis and adjectives, exactly and particularly who is the world's *worst* referee. But opinion is always divided as to who is the best. This judgment depends entirely upon personal bias, and whether your side has lost or won under his hierarchy. Personally, I get an enormous satisfaction out of watching most of them. Deep and lasting was my affection for the little "Ref." one day, during a club game in Ireland, who stopped the strife by an authoritative whistle blast, held up both hands, rushed up to a burly forward and hissed, "Begorra, Pathrick O'Flaherty, if ye shtroike Timmy O'Loone in the pit o' the stimoch again —Faith, I'll be afther knockin' the ugly face off ye, I will!" Timmy was the Soloist's cousin. The game was then resumed.

Very few, comparatively speaking, of the 53,000 enthusiastic spectators at Twickenham, for example, on the Wales-England day, appreciated Mr. R. L. Scott's difficulties. They said there was "too much whistle." So there was. But it was because there were at times a good deal too many—er—other things. Anyone who has been in the rotten position of having to referee what bland writers describe as "a gruelling game," will remember how often a short sharp whistle, and the momentary pause that follows, covers a multitude of more venial sins. A Soloist has got to have about seventeen pairs of eyes in his head at one moment, and has to be "stone 'orspital blind" the next. The question is *when* to be blind. "Aye, there's the rub"—or rather the other fellow's rub.

It is very interesting the varied ways Soloists enforce their personalities on thirty men whose blood is just on the boil. The most famous ones are the most entertaining. T. H. Vile is, I always think, the most galvanic and inspiring of all referees. Of course, he has played for his country, Wales, often enough to have forgotten more about the game than many of us will ever learn. Most of the famous ones have. It isn't that. Vile is like a terrier at a rat hole. He is on the ball the entire time. And as he last played International football in 1913, this isn't bad going. You feel, with Vile in charge, that nothing *can* go wrong. That not a movement of a single man, or the why or the wherefore of it is lost upon him. He explains his decisions in a shrill, incisive voice. Tommy Vile has spoken—there is nothing more to be said. And he seems so thoroughly to enjoy the whole business, tired and short of breath as he must surely be sometimes.

Barry Cumberlege, who is not seen nearly often enough in that Cambridge blazer, combines the position of Soloist with that of coach. He explains his reasons in every hold up. And it is a brave man and a presumptuous who will question England's full back of 1920-21. A very Daniel come to judgment is B. S. C. The French team, after the Scotch match, said he was *un bon garçon*, so he can hand *that* down proudly to his grandchildren!

F. C. Potter-Irwin's calm, unruffled dignity and poise is a delight to me always. He gives me the impression of being in this so-called game but not of it. Dear me; no! "Of course, if you chaps want to do *that* sort of thing —w-e-ll, you had better call in a Consultant. I am that Consultant. Now don't let's have any more of it, *if* you please."

A. E. Freethy is a Force. Quiet, absolutely certain beyond all possibility of vacillation, unobtrusive, obdurate. The Rugger world—in the stands—awoke to the existence of this Force on that awful day at Twickenham, January 3, 1925, when 50,000 of us saw Freethy, with arm outstretched and a face like a mask, save a situation that had got "beyond all orders, it 'ad got beyond all 'ope." Freethy's courage was most certainly of a high order on that day.

"WELL TACKLED, SIR!" *L. N. A.*

A United Services (Portsmouth) player photographed in the act of being well put down by a Heathen. The Services were beaten narrowly by Blackheath by a try to nil

"The Beaux' Stratagem" and Some Participants Therein

"IN VINO VERITAS"

The Landlord (Scott Russell) plies Aimwell (Carleton Hobbs) with liquor in the hope that his tongue will be loosened. A scene from the Farquhar comedy at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

Photographs ON WITH THE STRATAGEM! *Stage Photo Co.*

Scrub (Miles Malleson) tells Dorinda (Phyllis Konstam) and Mrs. Sullen (Edith Evans) that a gentleman—who happens, by a not so strange coincidence, to be Mr. Aimwell!—lies fainting at the door. Inset: Dorinda and Aimwell (Phyllis Konstam and Carleton Hobbs) find that Love can master any stratagem

Le Noir

"KEEPING A WATCH" ON THE RIVIERA

Robert Selles and Annette Mills, the well-known dancers, photographed on a "naval occasion" upon a yacht at Cannes. They are dancing at the *Ambassadeurs*

POLO AT CANNES *Le Noir*

Miss Sheila Locke and Miss V. L. G. Green photographed with three "friends" at Cannes. The Polo season is now in full swing on the Riviera

The Riviera Week by Week

AN ACTOR ON HOLIDAY *Ra*

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Welchman photographed in a sunny mood on a sunny day at Cannes. Mr. Welchman is yet another prominent member of the stage who finds the charm of the Riviera holiday unsurpassable

PRINCESS LOUISE Duchess of Argyll arrived at Beaulieu station the other day, attended by Lady Antrim, and is now installed for the season in her usual suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel on the end of Cap Ferrat, where she may enjoy a wonderful view of the coast and the blue Mediterranean. Her brother, the Duke of Connaught, whose villa is only a very short walk from the hotel, called on her that afternoon, and I have no doubt that after the silly rumours which had been circulating about his health she was delighted and relieved to see how extremely fit and well he is looking. Sir William and Lady Joynson-Hicks have had the honour of being invited to stay with the Duke at Les Bruyères, and have just arrived there, and the charming hospitality and the beautiful surroundings should speedily complete the convalescence of the Home Secretary after his recent illness.

A DAY or two after the arrival of the Princess Louise we had two more notable visitors to the Riviera, the Earl and Countess of Oxford and Asquith, who stepped off the Blue Train at Cannes on a brilliant Sunday morning, and must have found it a very striking contrast to the snowstorms and rough weather they had left behind them in the north the previous day. Miss Phyllis Holman, whose fine war work is well known, travelled with them from London, and, like them, is a member of the house-party of Sir Jesse and Lady Boot at the beautiful Villa Springland.

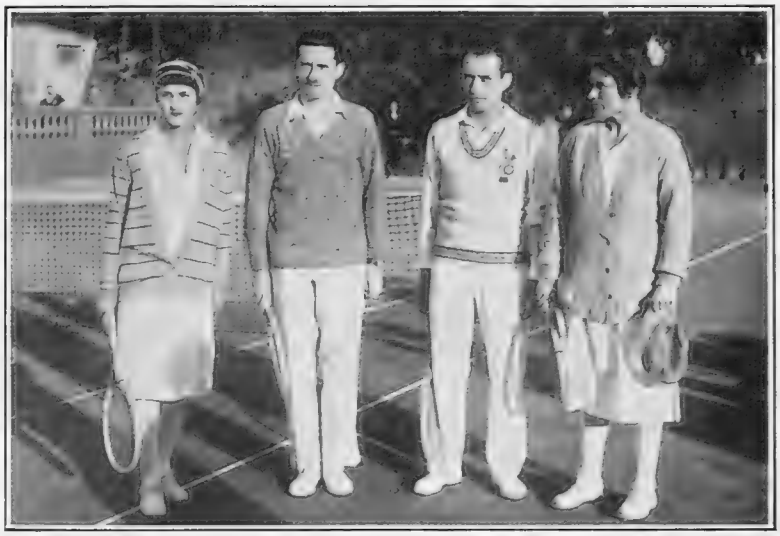
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, after his very interesting visit to Rome and his interviews with the Pope, Signor Mussolini, and other notabilities, came along to the Riviera and is staying with M. and Madame Jacques Balsan at their lovely château at Eze, near Monte Carlo, and Mrs. Churchill has come out from London to join him there. Possibly, if he can spare the time, he may go on to Cannes for a little polo and baccarat, two recreations which usually tempt him to this resort each winter. The Riviera looks like establishing a record for the number of ex-Premiers and other statesmen who have been among our visitors this season. There have never been so many, with the possible exception of the famous Conference of Cannes in 1922 which collected politicians from many countries.

THE Nice Races had good weather up to the very last day, and produced plenty of good sport. Now it is the turn of Cannes, and the five weeks' programme has attracted unusually wide attention. Many well-known sportsmen have already arrived, among them Mr. Basil Jarvis, Mr. J. L. Jarvis, and Mr. F. Darling, from Newmarket, who are staying at the Grand Hotel.

SIR ALGERNON and Lady Firth are among other guests at this excellent establishment. Lord Charles Montagu is staying with the Earl and Countess of Derby at their Villa. Lord Castlemaine is here with Mr. Urban Broughton on the yacht *Sapphire*, the property of the latter. Lady Fox is at the Californie Hotel. Admiral the Hon. Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux have arrived at the Villa Albany, and others now in Cannes include Lord and Lady Calthorpe, Sir John and Lady Ropner, Sir William Pearce, Mr. M. MacCormick—head of the great International Harvester Company of Chicago, and a man with a fund of good stories—and Mrs. MacCormick, General Sir Ormonde Winter, and Sir Conway Dwyer

THE NET TOTAL *Miss C. N. Daly*

Which in this case amounted to four. The players are M. Henriet, Lady Worthington-Evans, Mme. Beby, and Mr. J. D. Wilson on the courts of the Carlton Club at Cannes



A DOUBLE EVENT *Topical*

A photograph taken before action of the finalists in the mixed doubles at Cannes. The group consists of Mlle. Didi Vlasto (left), M. Brugnon, M. Cochet, and Miss Ryan

and Dr. Michael Gibson from Dublin. Among the footlight favourites are Mr. Harry Welchman—who will, I hear, take a leading part at Drury Lane in the piece which is to follow "Rose Marie"—and his pretty wife, who is enthusiastically taking tennis lessons from one of our best professionals.

Two events which have considerably enlivened Monte Carlo this past week have been the birthday of the Prince of Monaco, which is invariably celebrated in the little Principality with much gaiety—official luncheons, gala dinners, a big night at the Opera, and very elaborate and effective public illuminations—and the great International Automobile Rally. The latter affair is a bigger triumph each year, and the idea of making Monte Carlo the rallying point for cars starting from all parts of the Continent—each car, incidentally, bearing a label indicating its destination—is not only an excellent publicity stunt for the town, but is a unique test of driving ability and of motor efficiency. This week we saw no fewer than forty-five travel-stained cars arriving in front of the Casino, having started from such widely scattered places as John o' Groats, Stockholm, Amsterdam, Glasgow, Belgrade, Bucarest, Brussels, Vienna, Gibraltar, and San Sebastian, among others, and the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, who had driven the whole 1600 miles from the extreme north of Scotland, through all kinds of weather, mostly bad, on her A.C., and who arrived exactly on time, had a particularly warm welcome from the crowd. Practically all roads lead, it appears, to Monte Carlo. One might add all steamer tracks, for we have had a number of the biggest liners calling here lately with crowds of tourists, chiefly American, but coming from many different ports.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

ON THE STEPS *Rey*

A group taken recently of some well-known visitors to Cannes. The photograph shows, in the front row: Mrs. Wilfred Aldam (left), Lady Pitcairn Campbell, Mrs. Tait, and General Sir William Pitcairn Campbell. In the back row are Captain Tait (left) and the Marquis d'Andelarre

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS *Topical*

A photograph taken on the 60th birthday of Mr. G. M. Simond, the doyen of lawn tennis on the Riviera, which shows Mrs. Wollaston Richards presenting him with a bouquet, one of the gifts of the lawn tennis enthusiasts. The group also includes the Rajah of Pudukota, Sir Arthur Crosfield, M. Cochet, Mr. Edmund Burke, Miss Burke, and Mrs. Tawney

OUR NEXT NUMBER

THE next issue of THE BYSTANDER, which will be on sale on February 9, will be our Second Riviera Number. Apart from all the usual features, this issue will contain special articles, photographs and pictures dealing with the many different attractions and interests which make the Côte d'Azur so increasingly popular with visitors from all parts of the globe. The price of the Second Riviera Number will be one shilling only.

RACING NOTIONS By "Carbine"

Will Macon Run Here ?

NATURALLY a good deal of interest has been aroused by the possibility of the unbeaten Argentine horse Macon being seen in this country in the coming season. I do not know when he will leave the River Plate, but his departure will not have to be long delayed if he is to take part in the Ascot Gold Cup, for which he has been duly entered. Any horse coming from South America to this country necessarily requires plenty of time for acclimatisation. Another point is that he has to become accustomed to our grass racing tracks after having spent his career on the dirt courses of the Argentine.

Watch Apelle

AMONG horses from across the Channel who will be running regularly in England this season is Apelle, now in the able hands of Mr. "Atty" Persse. This colt was bred by the successful Italian owner, Mr. F. Tesio, and ran in some of the best races in France last season. After his appearance in the Grand Prix he was purchased by Mr. Richard McCreery. When I add that no less than £15,000 was given for him you will realise that Apelle is thought to be something out of the common. It is not expected that he will gain distinction in this country over long-distance courses. For that reason he has not been entered for the Ascot Gold Cup, but we find him in the Coronation Cup as well as in several important handicaps. Knowing the high reputation he possessed in France I am prepared to see Apelle make his mark on the English Turf. I am hopeful that we shall see Biribi at Ascot. He is undoubtedly the best of the French colts of his age, and promises to make a remarkably fine stayer. The prospect of Coronach, Biribi, and Macon measuring their strength over the Cup course at Ascot is something well worth waiting for.

By "The Tout"

MR. G. S. L. WHITELAW

The popular owner-trainer of Letcombe Regis, caricatured while looking for Tara King at Lingfield the other day. Mr. Whitelaw was formerly in the Seaforth Highlanders

The Jumpers

THE appearance of the weights for the Grand National will stimulate public interest in the performances of the leading steeplechasers. With reasonable luck we should have some of them on view at the Sandown Park Meeting at the end of the present week. The Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, to be run on Saturday, is usually one of the most successful handicaps of the National Hunt season. The distance, 3 miles and 5 furlongs, is quite far enough to test the stamina of Grand National horses. The race secured an excellent entry, though I am afraid that not all of the cracks who were nominated for it will be seen in action. The handicapper caused some comment by calling on Blancona to carry no less than 12 st. 7 lb., and to give substantial weight to all the others, including Old Tay Bridge.

Sprig and the National

BOTH Sprig and Desert Chief, the chief hopes of Tom Leader's stable in the Grand National, were among the entries for the Sandown race. It is as well to bear in mind that the former of these did not enjoy the best of luck at Liverpool last year. In the first round of the country he was interfered with and lost an appreciable amount of ground. Later he recovered his position, but it is not too much to assume that the effort took a good deal out of him. You may depend on it that Sprig will once again ripen into a very much fancied candidate for the highest honours of steeplechasing. Some good judges declare that Desert Chief will turn out to be the better horse of the two. One of the chief races of the opening day of the Sandown Meeting will be the Prince Albert Hurdle Handicap, in which Burning Thoughts, who is right at the bottom of the handicap, appears to me to possess a reasonably good winning chance.

HUNTING AND POLO NOTES By A. W. Coaten

After the Frost

RIDING to hounds was resumed last week with all the more zest after the first appreciable check of the season; the stoppage was less than a week in most countries. It often means scent lies all the better after a sharp spell of frost and snow. A number of countries are now advertising for new M.F.H.s, but I do not think the impending changes announced so far are above the average number. In a total of more than two hundred Masters of Foxhounds there must inevitably be a certain proportion every year who retire for one reason or another. Some of them, of course, merely go from one country to another. The Hon. Edward Portman has been hunting a private pack in the West Country during the present season, and it is now understood that he may take over the Taunton Vale, which Mr. P. G. R. Benson is relinquishing next April. A remarkably fine run with Mr. Portman's hounds was recently recorded. They found their fox at quarter past one, and the hunt did not end until they marked him to ground in a big earth at 4.30 p.m. The Master handled his pack in most workmanlike fashion, and the achievement augurs well for his success with the Taunton Vale.

Polo in the R.A.F.

I HAVE received a note from an Aden correspondent who tells me that efforts are being made to form a polo club for the Middle East (Egypt and Palestine) Command of the Royal Air Force. A strong committee is already at work, and application has been made to the R.A.F. Sports Board at the Air Ministry for financial assistance in the shape of a loan. A good deal of enthusiasm is being shown in the new venture, which is the first attempt to create interest in polo among Air Force officers in Egypt and Palestine, though the game has been popular for a long time with the R.A.F. in Iraq. Every year we get evidence of the growth of polo in all parts of the world. The game continues to be strong in the old country, as is shown by the fact that big entries are secured for many tournaments. The trouble is that there appears to be a dearth of players in the front rank.

Handicap Changes

LAST year the Hurlingham Club Polo Committee wisely decided to place its house in order in the matter of handicapping. Up to that time it was obvious that the majority of the best players in England were over-handicapped in comparison with the leading exponents of the game in the United States. A wholesale reduction was accordingly made in the ratings of players on the Hurlingham list. I am reminded of this move by the fact that the United States Polo Association has also decided to bring some of its prominent players to a lower mark. For example, the international players, Mr. J. Watson Webb and Mr. Malcolm Stevenson, who were at 9 points last season, have now been reduced to 8. The only players in America on the high-water mark of 10 points are Mr. D. Milburn and Mr. Thomas Hitchcock. The former is now one of the veterans of the game. Nearly twenty years have passed since he formed a member of the Big Four which Mr. Harry Payne Whitney led to victory at Hurlingham. By all accounts, Mr. Milburn was playing just as well as ever last season. Mr Hitchcock is still a comparative youngster at the game, and looks like being the pivot of American international teams for many seasons to come. Another fine young player, Mr. Mr. "Bobby" Strawbridge, has received the compliment of being promoted from 7 points to 8 on the U.S.A. Polo Association's list.

By Stan Terry

A BEDTIME STORY

Mistress: "You say you used to be up at daybreak at your last place?"
Maid: "Yes, M'm. I 'ad to let the daughter of the 'ouse in!"

By Graham Simmons

SCREENING HER IDENTITY

"She has made a name for herself in the pictures"
"Yes, she used to be known as Mary Brown, now she is called Gloria Gorgeous"

"Meet" Subjects for the Camera

Alfieri

"A-HUNTING WE WILL GO"

Mr. Robert Kay and Major Godfrey Heseltine photographed at the recent meet of the South Notts at Hoveringham Hall. Mr. Kay is the Master of the South Notts

Argus

A MEET NEAR NOTTINGHAM

Mrs. Sherbrooke, Miss Coke, Captain Sherbrooke, and Captain Horton photographed at the meet of the South Notts, which was held at Hoveringham Hall, Thurgarton, near Nottingham

ENTER THE OFFICIALS

Sport and General

Major E. W. Shackle, the Master, Mrs. Shackle, and Mr. Walter J. Fryer, the Secretary, out with the Berks and Bucks Staghounds. The photograph was taken at the meet recently held at Little Missenden, in Buckinghamshire

AFTER THE FROST

L.N.A.

Major Huttenback, the new Master of the Warwickshire, and Mrs. Pouney arriving for a meet of the Cottesmore. Held at Tilton, it was the first after the recent frost

from the Hunting Countries

British Illus.

AT A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE MEET

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton faces the camera at a recent meet of the Grafton. This was held at Shalstone, in Buckinghamshire

OUT WITH THE BELVOIR *L.N.A.*

Mrs. Gilbert Greenall and the Baroness Ravensdale photographed at the recent meet of the Belvoir at Saxby, Leicestershire. This was Mrs. Greenall's first appearance in the hunting field since her recent accident

ALL ON A HUNTING MORNING *British Illus.*

Hunting folk who faced the photographer at a recent meet of the Grafton, held at Shalstone. The group comprises Lord Hillingdon, the Master, Mr. Russell Thompson, Admiral R. P. F. Purefoy, Mrs. Purefoy, and Mrs. Broughton

AT THE SHOW *Alfieri*

The Misses Mountstephen arriving for the Mendip Hunt Hunter Show, which was held near Wells. The weather was cold enough to make warm wraps essential

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Old and mature poetess"

Mes Amis—

While bishops in disgruntles and distress stamp out of tramway-cars as a protest against the display of knees by audacious *demoiselles*, certain Parisians are affected in the entirely contrary direction, finding it a matter for distracting envy. (Incidentally, tramway-cars seem to be scarcely an appropriate vehicle for bishops to ride in, anyhow, as, according to those accepted authorities on life, the constructors of limericks, they have ever been a source of danger to dignity, episcopal or otherwise.)

But to deal with the main question of envy. Some Parisians, and not those of least consequence, are avowedly jealous of the fact that Parisiennes have conquered the right to demonstrate possession of a *jolie jambe* while they are compelled to conceal their own shapeliness of nether limb beneath deforming "tubes." They are not, like the bishops, in favour of a compulsory return to long skirts for their bold sisters. What they want is compensation for the male in a return to the wearing of breeches, as in the spacious days.

Yet I am not at all sure if this demand for equality of rights in the matter of leg-shows is not based on a serious misconception. On the part of the *demoiselles* the continual extension of *le déshabillé* is evidently the outcome of a desire for admiration. At the outset the desired result was undoubtedly secured, but it has since become apparent that the more that is taken off, the less the interest aroused. The real coquette is wondering about putting a bit back.

Breeches advocates, it would seem, had better wait to see which way the wind is going to blow. Of course, if they are frightfully keen to parade their calves they can follow in the trail of my friend, M. Quenouelle, and take up golf. M. Quenouelle wears check stockings that would rattle the ear-drums of the deafest Harris-tweed wearer. Apostles of the calves-cult would only need to copy his patterns, and as soon as they stepped into the lower end of the Champs Elysées the Arc de Triomphe would begin to vibrate from the sound waves. This seems to me the shortest possible step to the desired notoriety.

"The right to demonstrate possession of a *jolie jambe*"

In a roundabout way it has just become known that, also in a roundabout way, excessive *décolleté* in a very well-known quarter of Paris furnishes an appreciable financial benefit for the State. Put crudely like that, it perhaps sounds very improper, but, in fact, no accusation could be made against the State on the point, for the beneficial result is quite indirect, and could not possibly be said to be due to encouragement in the interests of the taxpayer. The starting point is the Folies-Bergère, which, as you know, has brought *décolleté* to such a stage of art that one *revue* per year is sufficient to ensure a quantity of full houses.

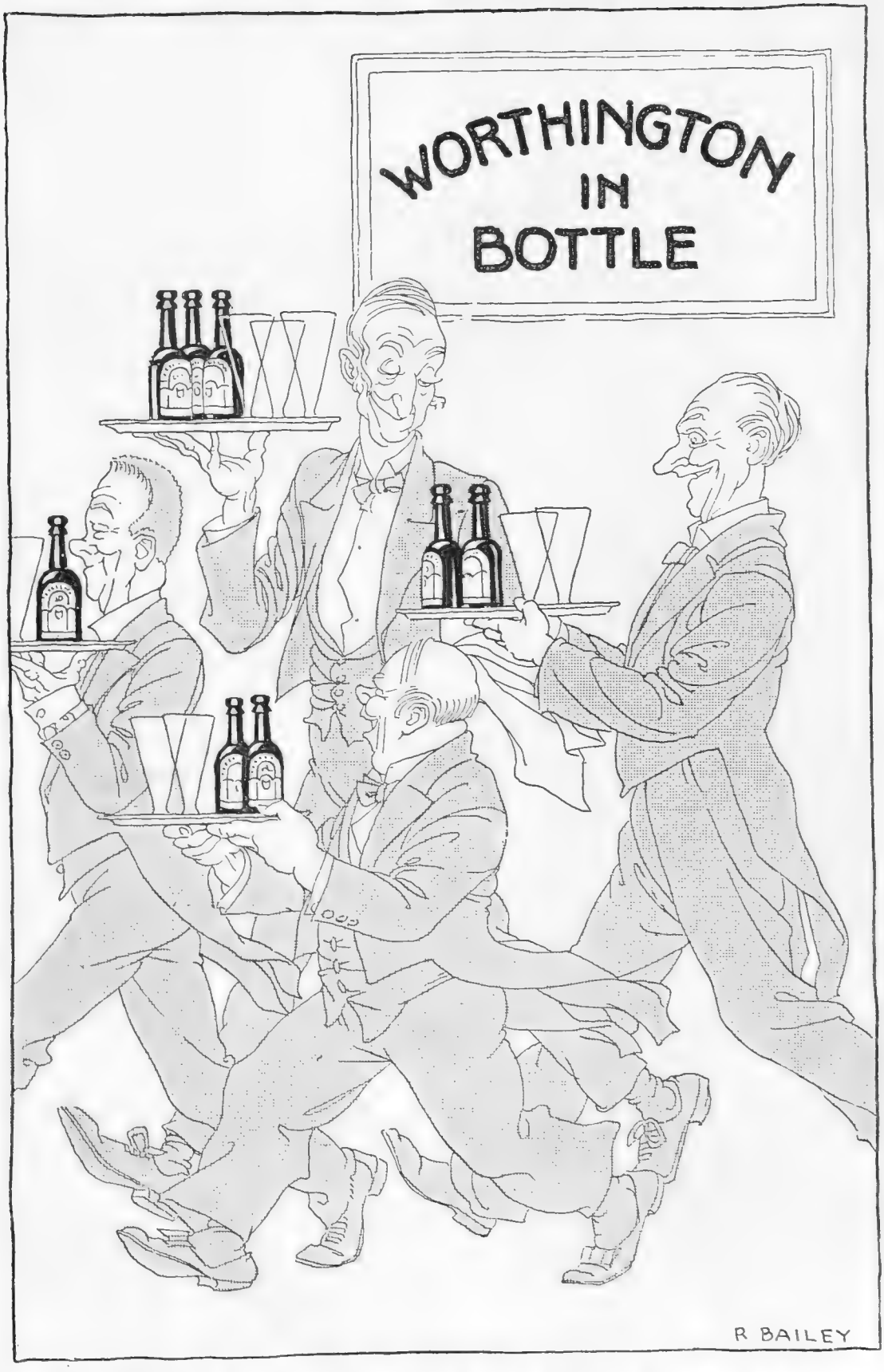
Eh bien, the building which provides the setting for this artistry of undress is owned by a hospital, the Hospice des Quinze-Vingts, and this hospital of the Fifteen-Twenties receives a subsidy from the State. Well, the Fifteen-Twenties people discovered that the Folies-Bergère was making quite a lot of money, and, by taking the issue to court, secured the right not only to make a big increase in the rent, but also to a percentage on the takings. Whereupon the State found itself able to lop six hundred thousand francs off the Quinze-Vingts subsidy. Consequently, the more the taxpayer goes to the Folies-Bergère, the less he has to pay in taxes. *Quel dommage* that all our taxes can't be paid like this.

We read so much about the increasing frequency of divorce in England that we wonder if this can lead to weird consequences of the sort we sometimes get here. Example, the case of a youngish couple who were married only two years ago. When they finally decided that incompatibility of temperament was such that it was impossible to live in union, there were no fireworks. They agreed to divorce, and this was duly accomplished. The next step was to find a second flat. But in Paris nowadays it is much easier to obtain a divorce than it is to find an *appartement libre*, and they eventually realised that the second task was beyond their powers. So, said they, being pally, "*Restons ensemble.*" Naturally, each one has the right to

(Continued on page 238)

"Against the display of knees by audacious *demoiselles*"

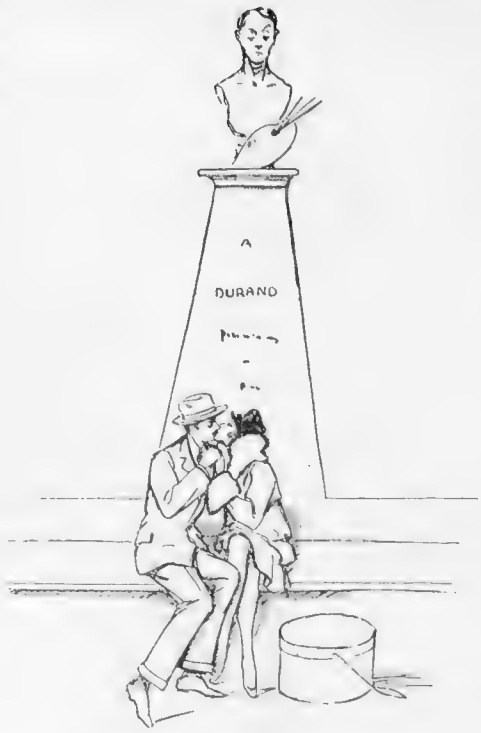
Play Titles bottled by Worthington



"THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED"

receive his, or her, friends, so the husband of to-morrow will be able to meet the husband of yesterday. Maybe he (of to-morrow) will think it advisable to ask him (of yesterday) his impressions. Which promises further complications. Once he starts enumerating his favourable impressions, he will surely want to remarry, and there will be a conflict of claims.

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, who confessed to the warm-hearted men of Worcestershire that his job was a lonely one, has, it seems, *une âme sœur* in M. René Fauchois, the well-known Paris playwright. From M. Fauchois's excellent new play, *L'Enfant du Cœur*, it is intended to be gathered that nobody is so lonely as the man on a pedestal, the man who is so successful that he is surrounded by admirers whose real feelings towards him are open to suspicion. Two such men, lonely in success, obviously ought to be friends.



"Nobody is so lonely as the man on the pedestal"

L'Enfant du Cœur is one of the best things René Fauchois has done. It deals with the world of literature and drama, and in the appropriate setting of the Comédie-Caumartin its poetical flavour ought to be acceptable. Certain characters would be appreciated in any theatre of Paris, notably the Left Bank poetess, erotic and mature authoress of poems on forbidden sins; the would-be actress whose capital is exclusively invested in a pair of legs that are better than silvern eloquence in dealing with managers, and a music-hall *danseuse* who has every virtue—except the one.

THE story deals with the discovery of a father. To the popular novelist and dramatic author Georges Mény comes a poorly dressed girl of nineteen, begging for a recommendation that will enable her to earn her living as a typist. She claims him as her father. He truthfully denies. Then, his loneliness reacting, he determines that he will admit her claim. Subsequently there is a delicious, fanciful scene in which Mény, who knows no more than the girl does of the mother who died when she was born, conjures up a dream mother to satisfy her longings for information about her. They live ideally in a wonderful world of unreality created by M. Fauchois's poetical gifts. And then the ideal is shattered by the appearance of the real father, whose truths are a very poor substitute. Still, M. Fauchois finds a pleasant *dénouement*. The play is admirably acted, as it deserves.

RENÉ.

By Hynes

"I HAVE A SONG TO SING-O"

Opal Cooper and Leslie Hutchinson letting drive with a little song. They are entertaining the patrons of that popular place, the Café de Paris

A FORECAST

(One railway company announces a new experiment in advertisements, consisting of enamel letters on prongs along the railway cuttings. It has been suggested that this innovation may lead to short stories being planned out in the same way.)

I BOARDED the train, for I wanted to go
To a place just two stations along;
My interest rapidly started to grow
In the story, as told on each prong.

For the sweet, shingled heroine had to decide
Would the stations were further apart!—
If she would become the bold baronet's bride
Or would marry the man of her heart.

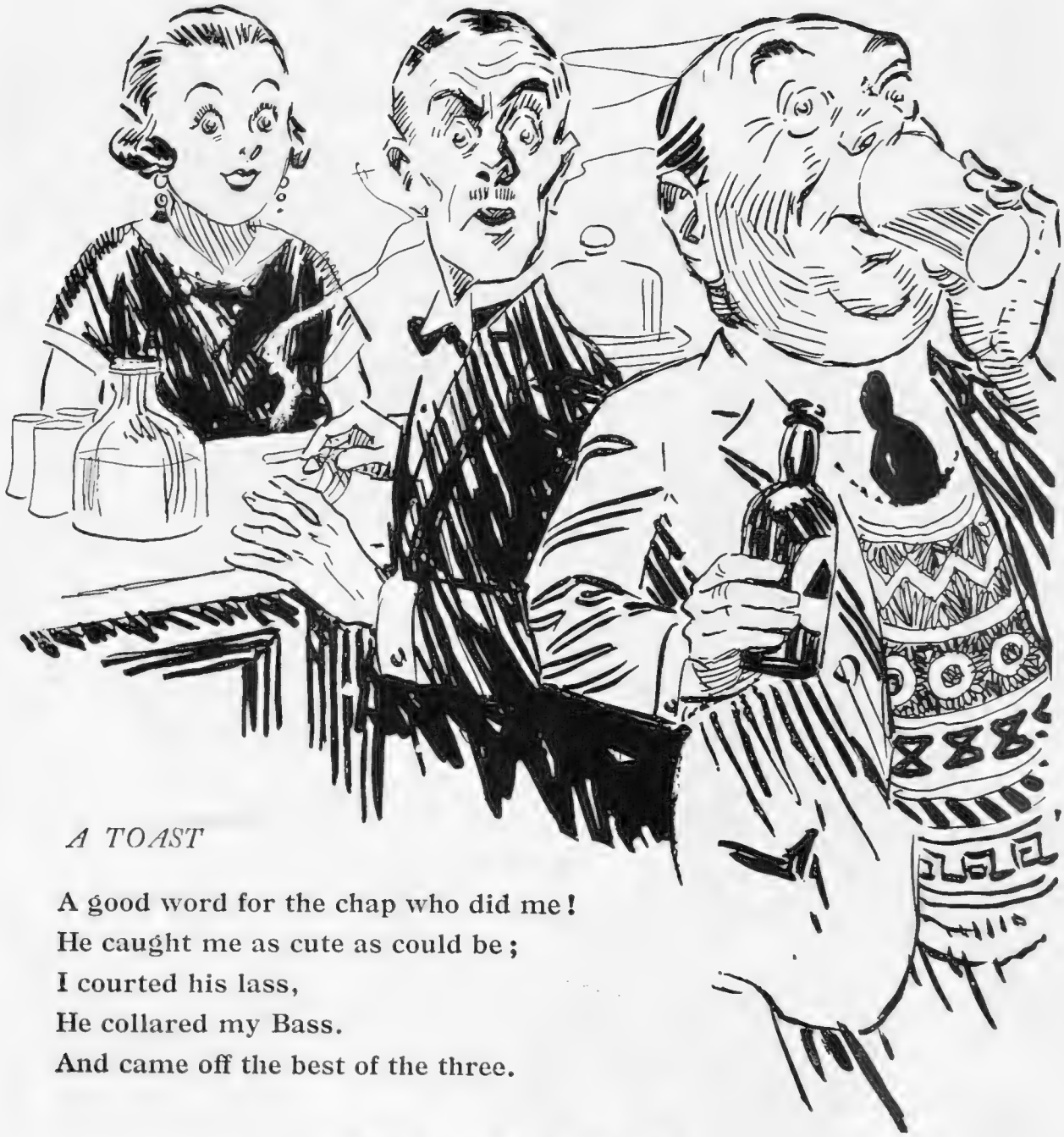
One day with her true love she'd planned to take flight,
But she wavered—and made me feel vexed,
Because, as my station was coming in sight,
I had to go on to the next.

The baronet's wealth and position then weighed
Down the scales in his favour again—
I *had* to find out what became of the maid,
So, alas! I remained in the train.

The hero, a pilot, then had a bad crash
When essaying to reach her by air.
I waited to read how she heard of the smash
Till I lost all account of my fare.

The train pounded on and the stations flew past—
But the hero had started to mend,
And, though I was landed in Scotland at last,
I had read all the tale to the end!

LESLIE M. OYLER.



A TOAST

A good word for the chap who did me!
He caught me as cute as could be;
I courted his lass,
He collared my Bass.
And came off the best of the three.

BASS

the man's drink

Bass possesses all those virtues which a perfect ale can comprise.

TRADE MARK

A GOOD WORD FOR EVERYBODY

BV8

BY F. A. BOYLE

THE SALE AND THE "SOLD"

Femina

EVE'S REVENGE

By "CANDIDA"

THE world, I suppose, must have its scapegoats. To have no one convenient to blame when things go wrong would result in a horrid suspicion that the real culprit wasn't always the person next door. "*Les absents ont toujours tort*," as the French say—meaning, of course, that they're wrong just because they are absent. The best of all scapegoats are the first two who began this sorry business of living. Eve especially. If there had been no Eve we'd have had to invent her. Such a convenient peg is she to hang on all our troubles, to weave round all our plots! Yes, it's as old as all that, that first triangle situation—that is, of course, if we include the serpent.

EVE'S is the fault for everything. But, to go back to such ancient history, has it ever struck anyone that the old story may be read in more ways than one? Creation begins with the grass, goes on to fishes and birds and beasts, to end up in the miracle of man, obviously going one better at each stride. Therefore, as the woman came last of all, it's obvious, too, isn't it, that . . . ?

WELL, perhaps the less said the better, especially as she did make the most of her opportunities. She's responsible for a formidable list of vices which we've never lived down, and never will till we rewrite the Creation from our point of view. There's her fickleness, for instance. She tired of perfection; she longed for change at any price, and got it. And so the myth took root and flourished that the poor dear thing is swayed by every wind that blows; that she changes what mind she has on the slightest provocation, or on no provocation at all; that there's no making a lasting impression on what she's pleased to call her heart, because either she hasn't got one at all or she's got so much of it that it simply can't lavish all its treasures on one mere man.

MYTHS, all of them. You and I, who know the creature from within, are aware that her constancy and devotion are, more often than not, unalterable; her perseverance untiring; her patience unending; her conscientiousness a marvel. Naturally, it takes all sorts to make a world, but this sort isn't just the rare and brilliant exception to a dismal rule. She's frequent enough, though she doesn't give the show away to all and sundry. Solid virtues are dull, and dullness is a crime; which is why I heard a splendid person confess the other day that she kept only the secrets which she happened to forget. And she was, I knew, wonderful and discreet, but not discreet and wonderful enough to dare to be dull.

NATURALLY, all perfect lovers are good haters, too. Eve doesn't forgive and forget—not often, anyway. It's taken her thirty centuries, or thereabouts, to get even with the serpent, but she's done it at last. She decorates her nice, neat self with the spoils of her victory. And if it sounds a bit barbaric and Red Indian-like, consider the provocation! To have waited thirty centuries for the repaying of a wrong which undermined her reputation for good and all, and for ever! Why, it takes centuries of successful fighting to wear one's victories becomingly; centuries to manufacture the seeming forbearance, the admirable live-and-let-livingness which hides, more or less efficiently, the savage glee of the old Adam. One couldn't expect Eve to see the point of a veneer which would take the exultant edge off her first victory.

SHE didn't. She wears her snake's skin on her feet; she puts it on her head; she's made it into gloves and bags; she's turned it into belts, collars, and goodness knows what else. "The reptile is 'it' this season," said the smart person in attendance on me in the sort of shop which calls its saleswoman a *vendeuse*. And neither of us said: "At last." To call the arch-enemy a reptile made him sound as harmless and almost as necessary to one's well-being and dressing as the indispensable rabbit. It turned him into something Parisian and *chic*. Eve's revenge is no longer barbaric, because it's supposed to be justifiable to rope in anything that flies or crawls when it's an aid to one's good looks.

REGENT STREET bristles with snakes, or rather with what's left of them after the shoemakers, the milliner people, the dress designers, the bag specialists, the glove sellers, etc., etc., have done their best. It's a very good best, too, and it wears, so they say, for ever, which is what you'd expect of a beast that wriggles along on its tummy, and doesn't mind if the way is stony. And they do say that the demand exceeds the supply, in spite of a hefty army of trappers and people.

OF course, all isn't snake that's spotted in snake-like blobs and spirals. There are lizards, and it's their misfortune to be a sort of humble cousin to the majestic python, whose skin is the last word. "How do you catch the creature?" I asked a big game person at dinner the other night, more for the sake of saying something than for a burning desire for information.

APPARENTLY it's comparatively simple, as hunting goes. You take a cage with a smallish door, tie a kid to a stake just outside it, and another to a second stake inside the cage. Your python devours kid number one and wriggles through the door for kid number two. After that his size, with two kids to the good, prevents him from passing through the door, and that's the end of your python! CANDIDA.

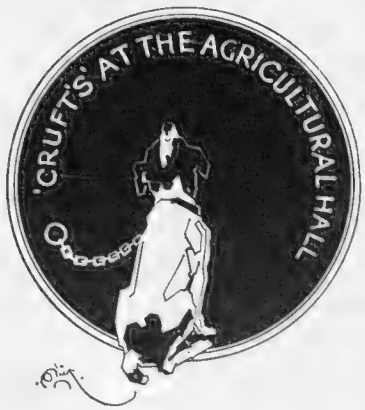
A "BENT" FOR DANCING! *Central News*

Mlle. Edmonde Guy and her partner, M. Van Duren, in one of the more spectacular moments of their dances. They are appearing at the Casino de Paris in Paris, where they are enjoying a *succès fou*

Vaughan and Freeman

MISS PRUDENCE O'SHEA

Whose works are well known to readers of "The Bystander," has joined the ranks of the many Society and literary folk who are playing a part in the world of commerce. At present she is managing Sonia Bloor Ltd., the designers and creators of gowns in Brook Street



NEXT WEEK'S DERBY

THINGS EVERY DOG KNOWS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

WEDNESDAY of next week will bring Dogs' Derby Day: the opening of Cruft's two-day show at the Agricultural Hall, the biggest in the world, in point of numbers, and necessarily one of the two finest because, like the Kennel Club's show in September of each year, it draws its exhibits from the best kennels in Great Britain, which means that it benches the best Dogs in the world. Visited in the right observant spirit, these two shows provide a concentrated course of education in doggy lore. Apart from close study of the Dogs themselves, the novice may learn much by watching the judging—the gradual process of elimination and award—and by chat afterwards with owners and exhibitors, and, be it said, with their kennelmen, who, properly approached, can and will supply tips and information alike interesting, practical and valuable. Also, at such gatherings of fanciers from every part of the kingdom, it is possible, without the bother of correspondence, to fix up appointments for the visiting of kennels, and the examination in their own home surroundings of Dogs of all breeds—by far the best circumstances in which to select and buy.

A regular reader who has also been a lover and breeder of Dogs for "as many years as we've been blessed with a BYSTANDER," writes as follows:—"Having found no pretty-pretty sentiment or mawkishness in your Notes, I am emboldened to draw your attention to a point or two. In a single London Dogs' Home (Battersea) no fewer than 34,000 strays were admitted during last year, which looks to me like round-about a hundred a day. And there are quite a number of Dogs' Homes in this country, too. At the same time, especially in January, appeals are numerous for help towards the paying for licences for poor dear Doggies who might otherwise attain the Nirvana of the lethal chamber. Considerably more than ninety per cent. of all stray Dogs are mongrels, and the progeny of mongrel strays. The Dog being not merely domesticated but domestic, is of all animals, next ourselves, the most unhappy when homeless. The Dog-owner who honestly cannot afford to stump up 7*s.* 6*d.* for a licence is not very likely to provide an adequate home for a Dog: decent, regular meals and accommodation. Therefore, if not at the moment a homeless stray, his unlicensed Dog is in a fair way to becoming one. Please think it out, all you good folk who are really friends of Dogs; think it out with the kindness which is more helpful than mere sentimentality. Nearly all homeless strays are mongrels. All strays have wretched lives, disseminate much disease among other Dogs, and inevitably lower the prestige of their race in human eyes and thoughts. All Dogs have to die, and there is no easier end than the lethal chamber. What about it, then? Surely true affection for the canine race demands, not the payment of other folks' licences, but wise, considerate action in all practicable directions to discourage the propagation of mongrels, and encourage the breeding of sound stock.

Somebody asks if one has ever heard of Dogs who knew Sundays from other days. Why, I should fancy ninety per cent. of well-cared-for Dogs do; and know almost to a minute the time at which certain intimate humans will return from church. Where the kennel *régime* is at all methodical, you'll find the average Dog knows from the time he wakes in the morning liver or paunch days from beef days; rabbiting days, ratting days, valley copse and upland heath days; just as the veteran prize-winners are perfectly conscious days ahead of the coming of a big show, and a whole mort of other interesting things; a deal more than the casual observer who hasn't studied their mentality ever gives 'em credit for knowing. And, goodness! how swift they are in knowing the difference between human *sahibs* of both sexes, and—those who aren't *sahibs!*

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

To discover the best possible bid for the joint hands is the one aim and end of Auction Bridge. This would seem such an elementary proposition that I should apologise for mentioning it were it not for the fact that most players, however willing to subscribe to it in theory, do not act upon it in practice

It is no exaggeration to say that seven out of ten players bid their own hands on their own cards irrespective of consideration of what their partners may hold. The player with the strong hand makes his bid and expects to play the cards.

The stronger his hand the more he resents it if he is deprived of the bid by his partner.

That very human trait, selfishness, is at the root of most Bridge failures.

It cannot be too often rubbed in that when you bid you are bidding not on the thirteen cards you see, but on twenty-six. You should therefore always, when possible, give your partner a chance and not shut him out unless you have a hand of a peculiar nature that demands pre-emptive treatment. Nor should you object if you surrender your good hand to his inferior one

. . . . .

How game can be missed on a powerful hand by neglect of these principles is shown by the following example. Score, game all, Y Z 20 in rubber game. Z deals and holds S—K, J, 2; H—A, J, 10, 8, 3; D—A; C—A, K, Q, 10—a very fine hand. Now as to the bidding. At love score, in my opinion, the best bid is "One No Trump," in spite of the singleton Diamond, but I should find no fault with a bid of One Heart or One Club, the only danger of the Club bid being that you might be left in with it, and you do not want to play the hand in a minor suit at love score.

But, the score being as stated, the bid actually made was "One Heart," A bids two Diamonds; Y and B, "No bid." What should Z do now?

. . . . .

What Z did, in fact, was to bid "Two Hearts," and that was where he went wrong. With such a strong hand and rubber in sight, he could not leave in the "Two Diamond" bid, even though he had a practical certainty of saving the game and a possibility of defeating the contract. He should then have called "Three Clubs," thus giving his partner an option. It is true that by so doing he raised the contract from two to three, but that was not really bad, because it gave his partner a correct picture of his hand and was in no way misleading.

Supposing his partner had poor cards (which was likely on his holding and the bidding), Y had the option of leaving the Clubs or putting him back to three Hearts according to the context of his hand.

But this two Hearts bid closed the proceedings, and Z, you may be surprised to hear, went down two on his contract, losing 100 points when he had the game and rubber in his grasp.

. . . . .

Unlucky, you will say, and I agree that it was unlucky that Z found his partner void in Hearts and with nothing of value but six Clubs to the Jack. But the point is, did Z give himself the best chance of making the most of his fine hand? I hold that he did not and that he wasted (as most of us constantly do) valuable material.

At the score I should have called "One Club," and when A bid "Two Diamonds" and Y and B passed, I should have called "Two Hearts." This would have given my partner an option, but an option of a different character. At love score I should have called "One No Trump," but at the given score I am quite sure that the best bid was "One Club," not "One Heart," and this quite irrespective of the results. Work it out for yourself and see. Z had a better chance of making two Clubs than two Hearts, even though he had only four Clubs. Two Clubs gave him game just as easily as two Hearts.

"Mr. Counsellor Pleydell . . . . was enthroned as a monarch . . . . on the dining-table . . . . his head crowned with a bottle-slider . . . .

"'Deil hae me, if they arena a' mad thegither!' said Dinmont . . . .

"A large glass of claret was offered to Mannering, who drank it to the health of the reigning prince . . . . and added, 'that in his opinion the wine was superlatively good.'

"'It's owre cauld for my stamach,' said Dinmont, setting down the glass (empty, however).'

GUY MANNERING, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

There can be no doubt that the critical Dandie Dinmont, had he lived in our day, would have appreciated Black & White. Never "cauld," Black & White has all of the warmth, cordiality, whole-hearted friendliness of the good Dandie himself. Dandie Dinmont was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

BLACK & WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

AN AUSTIN IN CHINA

An Austin Seven photographed passing through one of the wall gates of the city of Paoshan, near Shanghai. Paoshan is the smallest of China's walled cities

THE month of January provided some of the worst motoring weather imaginable. Snow, frost and fog were only three of the unpleasant conditions which had to be overcome. The frost supervening on a thaw was responsible for many an accident, owing to the difficulty which even modern tyres had of obtaining a grip on the icy surface. It is a long time since detachable chains were popular as anti-skid devices, but during certain periods of the month of January they were absolutely essential if long journeys were to be carried out in safety.

***

DURING February better conditions are anticipated, although it is more than probable that there will be several heavy fogs to make the lot of the driver unhappy. That motorists are making a serious attempt to tackle the problem of fog driving is shown by the large number of yellow-tinted lamps to be seen, and the increasing quantity of special fog lights which are permanently fitted to the dumb iron or to the running board. Motorists are no longer content to creep along, sometimes with a passenger walking ahead of the car, but are making definite efforts to secure some form of lighting which will allow of a reasonable speed except in the densest of fogs.

***

IN order that traffic driving shall be as safe as possible it is essential that every driver should clearly indicate his intended movements to all other traffic and to the controllers of the traffic. Signals indicating intentions are usually given by hand, but there are several electrical signalling devices on the market which indicate to approaching or overtaking traffic the intentions of the driver. The latest which I have inspected is one for which the Anglo-Sphinx Engineering Co., Ltd., is responsible. Rectangular ground glass plates are mounted facing to the front and to the rear, and behind these plates are electric lights under the control of the driver, which throw an indicating arrow or a warning expression on the glass when required. At the rear the signs under the control of the driver are a green arrow, indicating a turn to the left, a red arrow for a turn to the right, and the word "Pass," which is an invitation to overtake. In addition the word "Slow" appears whenever the brake pedal is depressed. On the front glass the word "On" can also be thrown on the screen to indicate to the traffic controller that the driver intends to go straight on. The turning signs are also given at the front.

***

THE growth in the export of British cars to Overseas countries has rendered desirable a personal visit on the part of Mr. W. E. Rootes, managing director of Rootes, Ltd., to the principal markets concerned. He will travel entirely round the world and will gain first-hand information of local conditions, of extreme value to manufacturers. A delegation of the Society

(*Continued on page* vi)

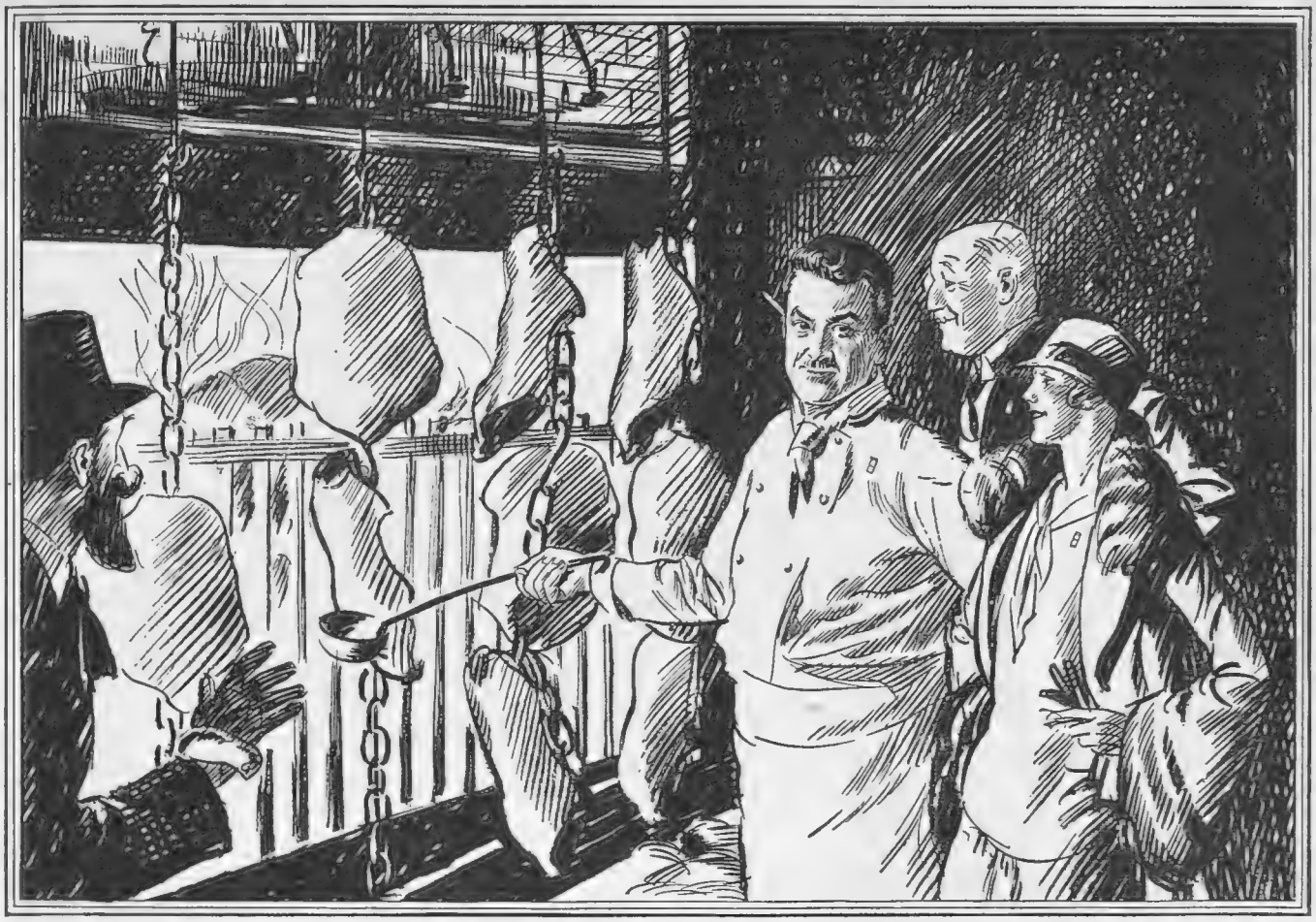
MORE MEN & THEIR SYPHON

. . . The man who took the last drop in the syphon . . .

Moral:- Order plenty of Schweppes

SODA WATER

WILLS



(Drawn at Simpsons-in-the-Strand by special permission of the Management.)

MUSTARD YOUR MUTTON

says the Head Chef of Simpsons-in-the-Strand

"So that's how you roast the saddle," said Miss Di Gester.

"There's nothing like an open fire for roasting," said Mr. Willes, the Head Chef of Simpsons. "That's the way to keep the flavour in."

"And," put in the Baron de Beef, "it's Mustard that brings the flavour out."

"That's what I say," said the Head Chef, "and I ought to know. I cook between 30 and 40 saddles a day—why I must have cooked more than a hundred thousand saddles since I've been at Simpsons. And I say Mustard your Mutton! Mustard your Beef, Mustard your Ham, *and* Mustard your Mutton! And it's not only for flavour. Mustard makes meat more digestible—especially fatty foods. It takes the richness off. So never forget to Mustard your Saddle, with its delicious brown fat that you all like so much."

"In fact, if you take Mustard with your Saddle," said Miss Di Gester, "you won't saddle yourself with indigestion."

"Is there anything else you would like to see?" asked Mr. Willes, after he had laughed politely at Miss Di Gester's remark. "Come and see how we prepare Turbot. When Turbot is caught it is not a good colour. If you want Turbot to look really white and clean you must soak it in running water."

"Thank you," said Miss Di Gester. "That's a tip worth remembering," and she made a note of it for the next edition of the Mustard Club Recipe Booklet. It is hints of this kind, collected from the famous chefs and great gastronomes of the world, that make the Mustard Club Recipe Booklet so valuable. Write for it to Miss Di Gester, c/o Colman's, Norwich, enclosing 2d. in stamps to cover packing and postage.

JOIN THE MUSTARD CLUB!

of Motor Manufacturers and Traders is also being despatched to Australasia and South Africa to study conditions in these countries at first hand. They will leave England early in March and will visit every state in Australia and investigate the conditions in New Zealand and South Africa, returning to England towards the end of August.

***

THE manufacturers of the Vauxhall car are making special efforts to extend the popularity of their 14-40 h.p. models. To this end they are holding special Vauxhall "Weeks" in certain of the big towns and cities. Finishing on February 5, special selling efforts are being made in Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Bristol, Norwich, and Bournemouth. From February 14 to 26 similar efforts will take place in Cardiff, Plymouth, Hull, Folkestone, Liverpool, and Nottingham. A full range of the 14-40 h.p. car will be on view, and a special Vauxhall representative is in attendance throughout each show. Speaking of Vauxhall reminds me of the special gear box which the makers are perfecting. It is of the epicyclic pattern and is controlled by a lever identical with the normal throttle lever on the steering wheel. Changing gear is absurdly simple in this box.

***

AT Long Eaton the Automobile Association has just successfully prosecuted an omnibus passenger who assaulted the driver of a motor car which had collided with the omnibus. The evidence showed that after the collision the defendant got out of the omnibus and, without any provocation, struck the car driver in the face, causing serious injuries. The defendant has now ample opportunity during his sentence of two months' hard labour to reflect on the folly and discourtesy of thus smiting car drivers.

A ROYAL CAR

The six-cylinder Bentley car supplied to the order of H.R.H. Prince George. It is fitted with a four-door Weymann saloon body by Messrs. J. Gurney Nutting and Co.

***

IT is not generally realised that, except in the Metropolitan Police area, petrol is one penny per gallon cheaper from pumps than from cans. By taking advantage of this difference, that is, by taking petrol from a sealed pump instead of from sealed cans, motorists will be assisting in maintaining petrol prices at a low level, because the elimination of the expensive can will generally reduce costs of distribution.

GEORGE C. STEAD.

A Bridge Party

A Bridge Party is to be held at Claridge's Hotel on February 10th, from 3 to 6.30 p.m., in aid of the Surgical Supply Depot, which does such magnificent work in the supplying of surgical appliances to those who are in difficult circumstances. The prizes are to be given away by Dame Madge Kendal. Tickets, at half a guinea each, may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries, Surgical Supply Depot, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, W.8.

Extract from The Star, 9th November, 1926.

MOTOR SMASH.
CAR OVERTURNS.

* * *

She received severe cuts and bruises and slight shock.

* * *

Miss [redacted] stated in an interview that it was extremely dark and wet when the collision with the "island" occurred. "There was suddenly a terrific crash," she said, "and after the impact the car turned over on its side."

"Broken glass caused the cuts that were received by the occupants of the car. [redacted] was bruised and shaken more than the others, but she is progressing satisfactorily."

Kennington Service.

THE PERIL OF ORDINARY GLASS

MATERIAL damage can be replaced but personal injury from the breaking of ordinary glass windscreen or car windows may mean blindness or disfigurement for life. Such glass will fly in all directions at the least bump or shock. For safety's sake and peace of mind fix *Triplex* Safety Glass —the glass that cannot splinter nor fly in any circumstances.

Normal orders for *Triplex* can now be dispatched in 7-10 days.

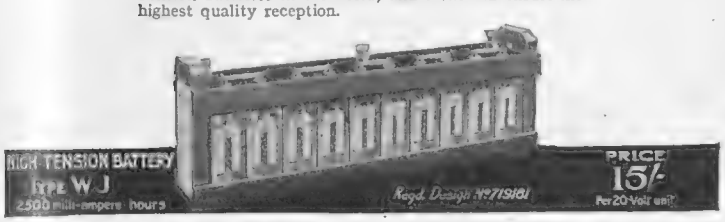
DON'T BE PUT OFF

Fit Triplex and be Safe

The Triplex Safety Class Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W. 1; also The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America, Inc., 75, West St., New York.

Every historical advance in wireless broadcasting and reception, *every* outstanding achievement, from the earliest days to the present time, has been carried out on Exide Batteries.

To-day the Exide WH and WJ are the best High Tension batteries in the world, and alone will ensure the highest quality reception.



Three Fast Men!

UNANIMOUS DECISION.

"I HAVE deliberately chosen K.L.G. Plugs for my effort to attain the highest speed recorded on land because, from my own experience, I am convinced of their unfailing reliability and efficiency."

H. O. D. Segrave

(H. O. D. SEGRAVE)

J. G. Parry Thomas

(J. G. PARRY THOMAS)

Malcolm Campbell

(MALCOLM CAMPBELL)

K·L·G—THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD—K L G

ROOTES, LTD

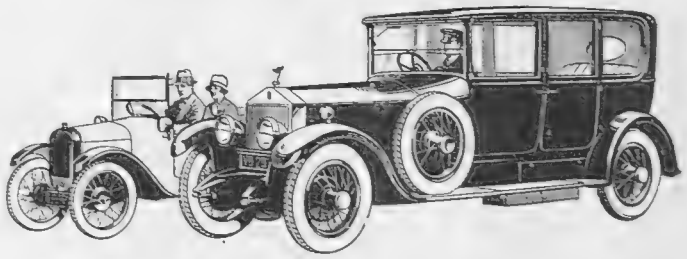
BRITAIN'S LARGEST CAR DISTRIBUTORS

INVITE YOU TO THEIR PERMANENT EXHIBITION AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Unbiassed advice.
Widest new car selection.
Most generous part exchanges.
Unequalled after-purchase service.

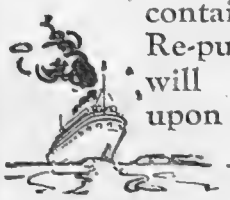
ROLLS-ROYCE DAIMLER
SUNBEAM AUSTIN
HILLMAN CLYNO
FIAT

Branches: MAIDSTONE, DORKING, ROCHESTER, WROTHAM, BIRMINGHAM (Geo. Heath, Ltd.).



Models from £145 to £3,000.
Payments from under £4 per month.

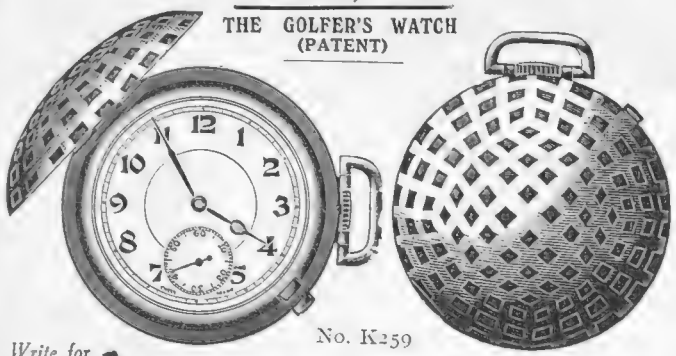
BESIDES offering unequalled service facilities, we are quoting for the benefit of our Overseas customers a guaranteed re-purchase price on all cars delivered. Full particulars are contained in our "Guaranteed Re-purchase" booklet, which will be gladly forwarded upon request.



The Watch for Hard Wear

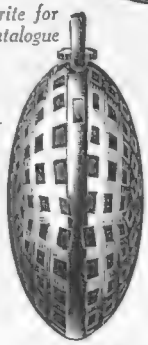
For Golfing, Motoring, Shooting, Tennis, etc.

THE GOLFER'S WATCH (PATENT)



No. K259

Write for Catalogue



Indestructible—can be carried in the trousers pocket along with keys and money.

The great advantages over the ordinary wrist watch are that it is not cumbersome to the player, and by being carried in the pocket all risks of broken glasses and mainsprings are eliminated.

Reliable Lever Movement.

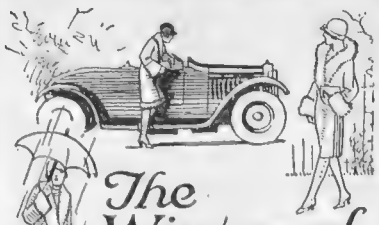
With Detachable Brace Strap, which can be used or not.

Only **£2 : 15 : 0**

Call and see Vickery's Novelties

J·C VICKERY·
145 & 147 REGENT ST. LONDON. W·1·

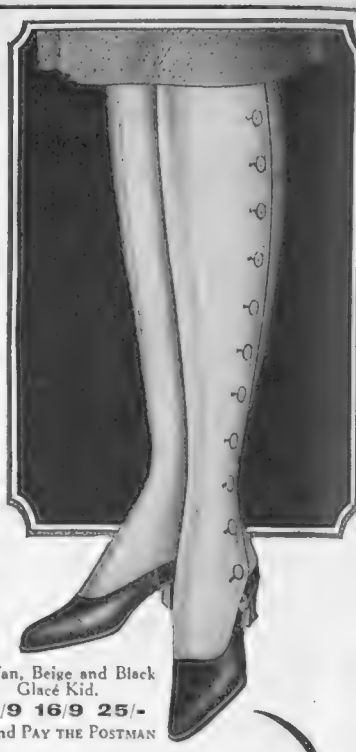
By Appointment
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales



The Winter of our Content

When east winds sweep along or when damp and cold prevail you can have warmth and comfort by wearing Abbott's tailor-made

GLOVE FITTING GAITERS



The most fashionable and becoming leg covering for Winter wear.

In Light and Dark Fawn, Light and Dark Grey.
9/11 16/9 19/9 25/-

In Tan, Beige and Black Glacé Kid.
12/9 16/9 25/-

Postage 6d. extra. Just send size of shoe and PAY THE POSTMAN

OF MAYFLOWA FOOTWEAR FAME

ABBOTT (PHIT-EESI)
W. ABBOTT & SONS LTD.
324 OXFORD ST., W.
Next to D. H. Evans, Ltd.
82 REGENT STREET, W.
Nearly opposite Piccadilly Hotel.
AND AT ALL ABBOTT'S BRANCHES

DON'T TAKE ASPIRIN!

Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets

(The New and Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment) are guaranteed to be

Safer, Quicker, and More Effective, and contain more Vitamin B than other products.

Send for free descriptive treatise on Fevers, Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds, Liver, Kidneys, Constipation, Anæmia, Nerves, Indigestion, Biliousness, Depression.

Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If unsatisfactory post us empty bottle and we will refund money.

Irving's YEAST-VITE Laboratories, "Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.1

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

is an absolute necessity for the HAIR

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in **3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s.** sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and **A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.**

Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S PEDIGREE
AIREDALES
Best protection against burglars.
ABERDEENS. CAIRNS. WEST HIGHLAND WIRE FOX. SEALYHAMS.
From 10 Gns., Pups 5 Gns.
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PRINCIPAL - - SIR LANDON RONALD, F.R.A.M., F.R.C.M., &c.

PRIVATE LESSONS in any single musical subject, and STAGE TRAINING in Elocution, Gesture, Stage Dancing. Opera. Classes in Conducting, Fencing, French Classical Drama. **Complete Musical Education** at inclusive fees, £9 9s. and £12 12s. Opera Class Saturdays. Special Training Course for Teachers (approved by Teachers' Registration Council). Prospectus and Syllabus of Local Centres and Local Schools Examinations (open to general public) free. Tel. Central 4459 and City 5566. H. SAXE WYNDHAM, Secretary.

NOVIO ROLLS contain 3 or 4 times as much as the thick cheap inferior qualities.

NOVIO

THIN SOFT STRONG SILKY

THE MOST PERFECT TOILET PAPER EVER MADE

Sold everywhere in Cartons, Rolls and Packets.

Wholesale: 28, Grove Park, London, S.E. 5.

EASTBOURNE.
QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing South and directly overlooking the sea. 200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM—BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
EXTENSIVE GARAGE IN HOTEL GROUNDS

Let the "Great Eight" Help You When You Go to Paris

AT the Paris offices of "The Bystander," "The Graphic," "The Illustrated London News," "The Sphere," "The Sketch," "The Tatler," "Eve," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," 13 and 15, Rue Taitbout, Boulevard des Italiens, there is a comfortable reading-room where current and back copies of all the "Great Eight" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

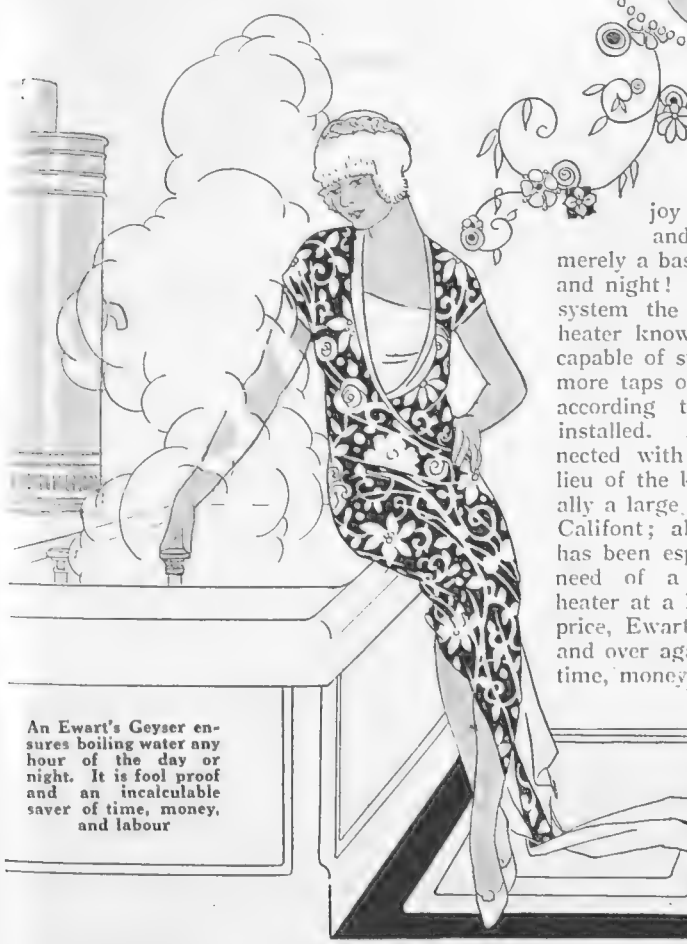
FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

ALTHOUGH there is little or nothing new to be seen in the dress world at present that can be absolutely relied upon, one picks up here and there small arresting items of information that give one cause to think, as, for example, the growing fancy for the square-cut neck. This is a real square, the same depth at the back as in the front, and not excessive at that. But it is a note that has been observed more than once as supplying an air of distinction to the simple, almost demure, black satin or *crêpe de Chine* frock that is still such a fetish with the best-dressed. A trifle severe, perhaps, this square, since it is always left hard; the inevitable long single, double or treble pearl necklace, however, tempering the impression. With a V or a round *décolletage*, a close-fitting single row of pearls or beads may be worn, but not with a square. Again, a rumour that is well accredited is the continuance of the *blousée* effect. The big dress designers seem set on this, probably because it gives them the opportunity of getting away from the studied straight line, which is, in fact, becoming rather too standardised. A *blousée* movement lends itself to quite a considerable amount of variation, complete or semi, according to the style of the model and the figure of the wearer.

Safety, Surety and Comfort

EVEN assuming there were still any sceptics left in the land, the serious, long-drawn-out coal strike must have brought the most obstinate to their senses, and a full appreciation of Ewart's Geysers for hot water. As a matter of fact, geysers were the only things that could be relied upon to function during the strike, coke for donkey engines being almost as difficult to procure as coal. One has only to live for a very short time in a house that depends for its hot water on the effete kitchen boiler to reach the conclusion that at any cost you will possess an Ewart's geyser. Absolutely foolproof as regards the working, the full force of gas acts entirely on the force of water, the one responding to the other. Then the joy of being independent of labour and getting a really hot bath, or merely a basinful, at any hour of the day and night! In addition to the bathroom system the firm has a special pattern heater known as the Califont, which is capable of supplying hot water to one or more taps or throughout a whole house, according to the size of the heater installed. As this is quite easily connected with existing hot-water pipes in lieu of the kitchen boiler, there is naturally a large and growing demand for the Califont; also for the Supreme, which has been especially designed to meet the need of a durable, well-made water-heater at a low price. But whatever the price, Ewart's geyser pays for itself over and over again in the saving it effects in time, money, and the comfort it provides. Ewart and Son, Euston Road, will on application send further details.

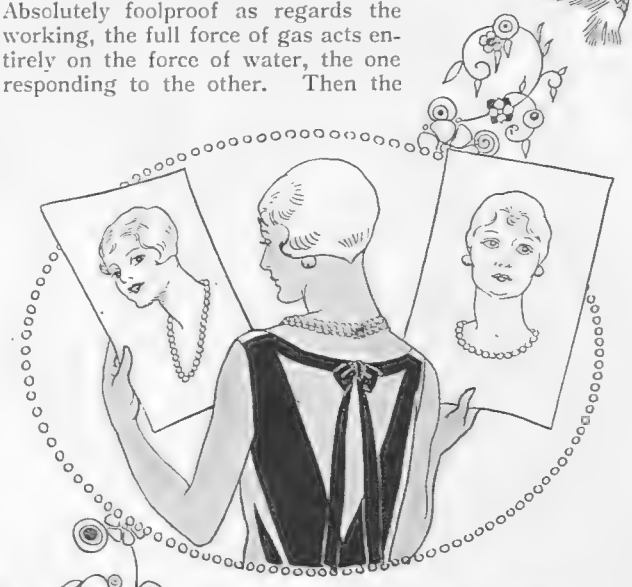


An Ewart's Geyser ensures boiling water any hour of the day or night. It is fool proof and an incalculable saver of time, money, and labour

Safety First is the slogan of the well-known firm of J. and J. Cash, of Coventry, in connection with their far-famed woven names on fine cambric tape in general and school outfits in particular

Never Tears and Never Fades

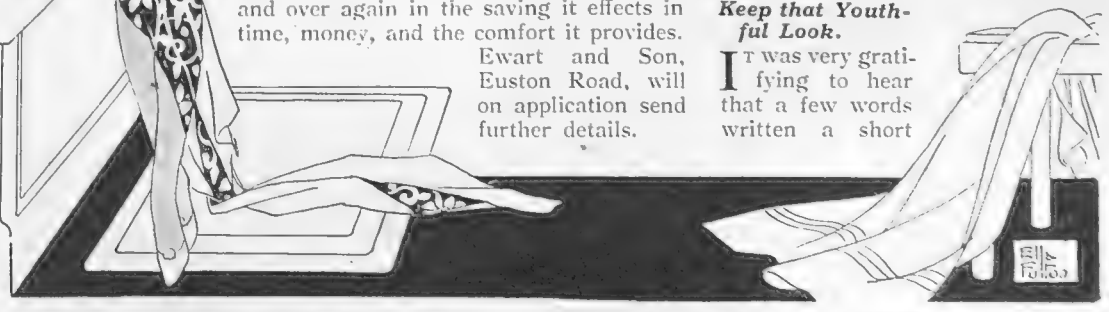
TIME, the finest test of most things, has certainly a big word to say in the cause of Cash's woven names for clothes. A veritable household word are these, as they deserve to be, not only for clothes but household linen. They are admittedly the neatest and safest guard against loss ever devised. A marked garment or article can pretty nearly always be traced by a name, and there is no getting rid of a full name woven on fine cambric tape in red, black, green, blue, etc. Schools in particular have every good reason to bless the firm of Cash, and those who are wise frankly ask that this form of allotting clothes to the rightful owner be used in preference to any other; an appeciation that is reciprocated by the firm providing at a very small extra cost school numbers and special marks on the same tape. An order placed for as many dozen as are required with any draper or outfitter is speedily executed. Samples and a full list of styles and prices can be had free on application to J. and J. Cash, Coventry.



Elisabeth Eve, 67, Jermyn Street, W., keeps the contour of the face and neck by a remarkable, yet very simple, process of exercises it behoves every woman to know of and follow

Keep that Youthful Look.

IT was very gratifying to hear that a few words written a short



Sketches by Ella Fulton

while back in these pages on the eye exercises prescribed by Elisabeth Eve, 67, Jermyn Street, W., have resulted in some still more remarkable cures. The whole method upon which this treatment is based for restoring the contour of the face and neck, and which is now proving a remarkable discovery for recovering eyesight, is sane and sound. Men have for long appreciated the value of exercises for keeping the body fit, and nowadays women are not far behind them. And Madame Eve's argument is—and she proves it every time—that what is needful for the body is equally needful for the face. Those who are unable to visit the salons at 67, Jermyn Street, where advice is given in the first instance gratis by Madame Eve herself, should write for her booklet entitled "The Preservation of Youth."

The Last Word in Shingled Toupets

A CHAT with M. André Hugo, 180, Sloane Street, is ever as pleasurable as it is instructive. For as a *coiffeur des dames* he stands easily in the front rank, and is always *au courant* with the slightest change. So it was scarcely in the nature of a surprise to find this keenly preceptive Frenchman full of the newest semi-shingled *toupet*, which at the back, or rather at one side, resolves into a swathe of waved hair that carries across to the opposite side and just above the base of the natural shingle. Without losing the contour of the head, this fresh form of the *Merveilleuse* softens the unduly hard appearance so many women are beginning to realise is frequently inharmonious with soft evening gowns. André Hugo has probably never met a debatable situation more adroitly than in this particular *toupet*.

THE LATEST VERSION OF *LA MERVEILLEUSE*
Created by M. André Hugo to soften the unduly hard appearance so unbecoming with evening frocks

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy for Ever"

THE poet John Keats when he wrote this line may, or may not, have included complexions. Anyway, he was an Englishman, and Englishwomen have stood for loveliness the world over, their clear skins and bloom being as big assets to-day as ever. To counteract the effects of oil, dust, etc., there has recently come into our midst Myosotis, 7, Hanover Square, with tested preparations handed down from generation to generation, which, gathering impetus by their efficiency, have justified the opening of an establishment exclusively devoted to their cause. This is not a beauty parlour, but merely a medium for acquiring some remarkable lavender skin food.

A Recent Sale

Messrs. Harrods Ltd. recently held a very successful sale of postage stamps at their well-known auction rooms in Knightsbridge. There were some 250 lots put up, and good prices were obtained, a large company being present. It is clear that these stamp sales of Messrs. Harrods will be a great success, filling as they do a long-felt want in the West End.

Blackheads
instantly disappear

Why let blackheads disfigure your face and mar your pleasure at parties and dances when you can remove them easily and painlessly at very small cost with Radox Bath Salts? Read the following letter from well-known Chemist:—

"Doing a large business in Toilet Specialities, I am frequently consulted as to the best preparation for removing skin blemishes, such as pimples, blackheads, etc. I now always recommend Radox Bath Salts used in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a tumbler of hot water, to be applied by dabbing on the face, wiped dry in a few minutes, when all blemishes are readily removed. The face should then be rinsed in cold water to close the pores and a little cold cream applied."

The advantage of using Radox Bath Salts over the "squeezing out" treatment is that it is more lasting, not so painful, and leaves no red marks on the face. Radox Bath Salts are sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per half-pound Pink packet; 2/6 double quantity.

Still the wonder grows. The original Decca took the gramophone world by storm and set the fashion in "portables." Then came subtle improvements putting the Decca still further ahead. And now there is the telesmatic System of Sound Reproduction to give the 1927 Deccas the volume, tone, and clearness of large and expensive "cabinets" without increase of size, weight or "cost." The new telesmatic Deccas are just as portable as ever, and even better made. But they have a musical quality which critics claim makes the new telesmatic Decca twice as good as its predecessors.

The new telesmatic

DECCA

THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

5 Models £4 to £9.

Decca Juniors (non-telesmatic) 4 models, **57/6 to £5 0 0.**
Of all Gramophone Dealers, Stores, etc., throughout the World.

Decca Book, containing unique photographs received from Decca enthusiasts, post free from:

DECCA (Dept. 4), 32/34, Worship St., London, E.C.2.

(Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd. Est. 1832.)

Protect your Complexion

by using LA-ROLA, and the most cutting winds of winter will only bring a more becoming glow of colour to your cheeks.

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

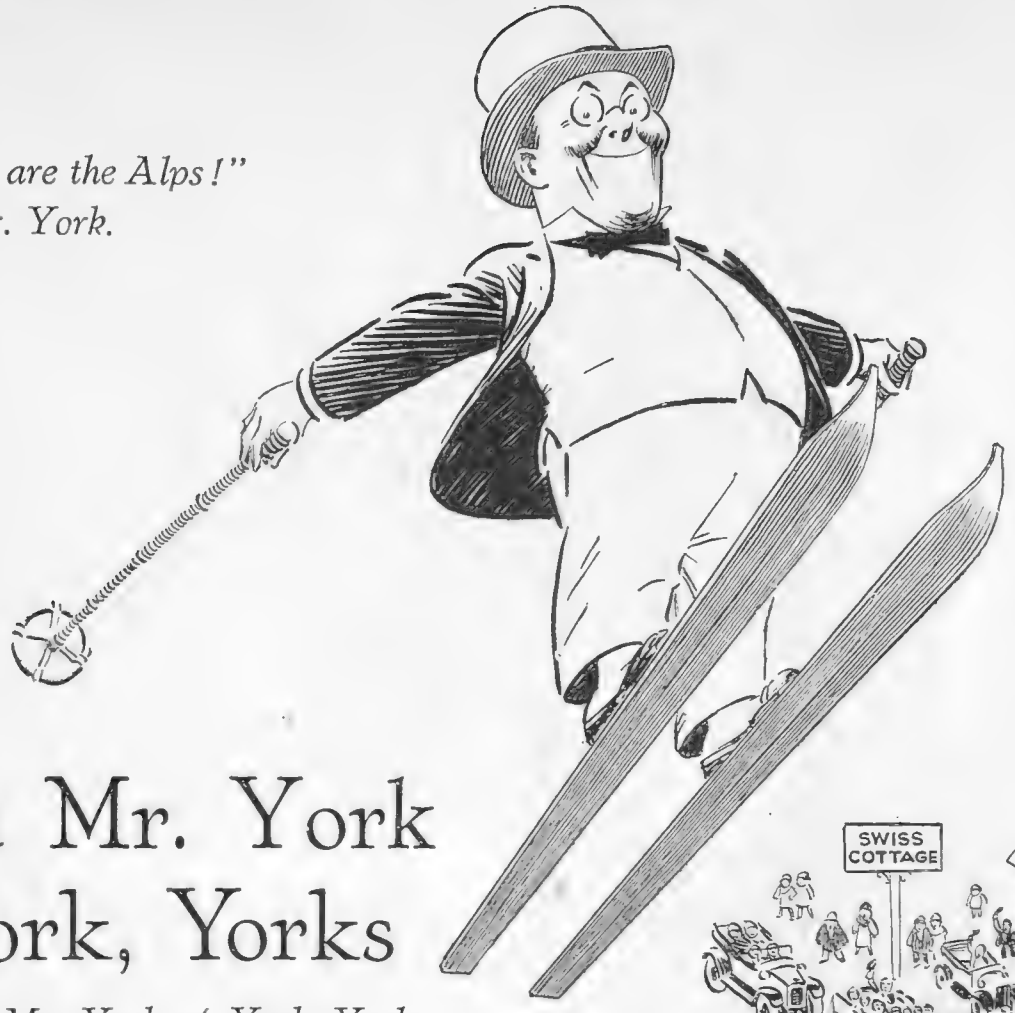
nourishes the delicate skin tissues, wards off wrinkles, and entirely prevents that hard, dry feeling which so often troubles the skin in winter time. For hands, neck, face and arms, night and morning, LA-ROLA is unrivalled.

From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, **1/6**

THE COMPLEXION
will be greatly improved by using LA-ROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box, and a touch of LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM, 1/- per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial.

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND.

"So these are the Alps!" said Mr. York.



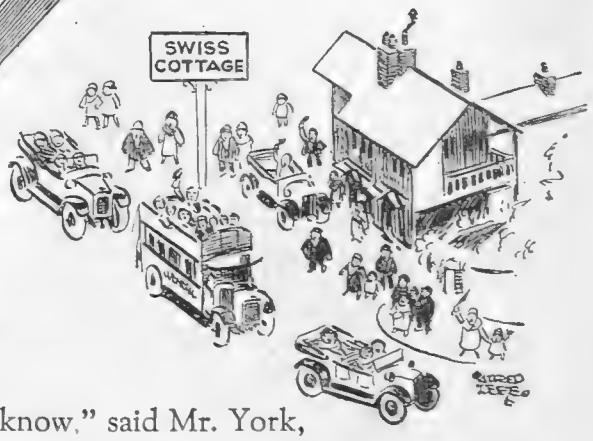
I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks

"I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks,
I've got things on my feet like great baulks,
I may land in the Strand
Or in Heligoland,
But in air I fly just like the storks."

"So these are the Alps," said Mr. York to himself, as he descended from a No. 31 bus at Swiss Cottage on his way to the Winter Sports at Hampstead Heath. "It's lucky I brought some Plain York with me, for I'm feeling peckish already after that stiff climb up Maida Vale."

"Alpine climbers tell me," he continued, "that Plain York is the most sustaining food for real physical work, and I guess they're right, for if it's hockey or cycling, or "watching" football, or any other winter sport, some Plain York is the best meal to have in your pocket."

By this time Mr. York had got his ski (pronounce "shee" not sky).



"Now I know," said Mr. York, "why these things are called 'she'—they're as capricious as a woman and they carry you off your feet before you know where you are." So, fortifying himself with a bite or two of Plain York, he glided gracefully over the Matterhorn, which crosses Parliament Hill, and landed on—the Strand!

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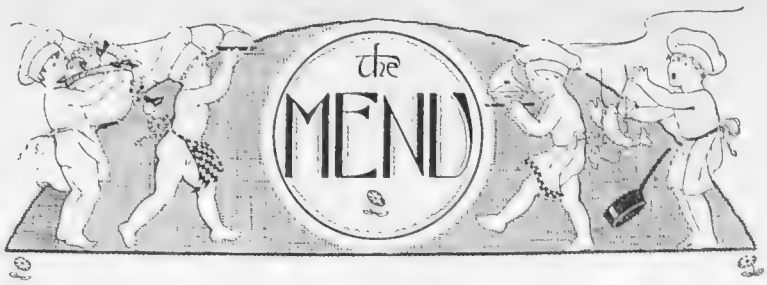

Some Suggestions for an After-theatre Supper

Oysters Sauté.
Lobster à l'Américaine.
Game Salad.
Mould of Hare (Cold).
Salade à l'Italienne.
Parmesan Eggs.

Oysters Sauté

Pour a quart of boiling water over one pint of oysters, drain them and chop them fine. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, put them into the chafing-dish, stir in the oysters, dust with salt and pepper, and *sauté* until well browned. Add two tablespoonfuls of very finely crushed biscuit or toast crumbs, and three-fourths of a cup of cream. Stir all together and cook three minutes. Serve in separate cups and garnish with parsley.

Lobster à l'Américaine

Cut up about one and a half cupfuls of fresh lobster. Put into a stewpan one heaped tablespoonful of margarine or butter, and the same quantity of minced onion; fry well together till slightly coloured. Stir in one tablespoonful of flour, cook till blended, and then add gradually one cupful of thick strained tomatoes (the tomatoes should be previously cooked and rubbed through a sieve), add salt and cayenne. Stir in the lobster, cut up small, and cook in the sauce for ten minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of sherry and serve at once.

Game Salad

Cut some cold roast partridge or pheasant into neat pieces, and let them marinade for an hour in a mixture of oil and vinegar seasoned with salt, pepper and chopped tarragon. Then arrange the game in a salad-bowl, surround with shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with hard-boiled eggs in quarters, sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle over the mixture in which the game was marinaded.

Mould of Hare (Cold)

Take the remains of a cooked hare which has been jugged or hashed. Cut the meat into small pieces and the forcemeat balls in halves. Warm the gravy, adding to it a little wine and half a small pot of red-currant jelly, and dissolve in it ½ oz. of leaf gelatine. Make in all about a pint. Add the meat, put aside till cold and set, turn out and serve with *salade à l'Italienne*.

Salade à l'Italienne

Cut into small dice about four cooked artichokes, and put them into the salad-bowl with equal quantities of cauliflower, Brussels sprouts and cooked haricot beans, according to what is in season. Mix with these a few anchovies or olives, and season with sauce tartare.

Parmesan Eggs

Cut a slice from each end of some hard-boiled eggs, and cut them in halves the round way. Take out the yolks and pound them with 2 oz. of butter and 2 oz. of Parmesan cheese. Fill the whites and garnish with parsley.

Emilia.

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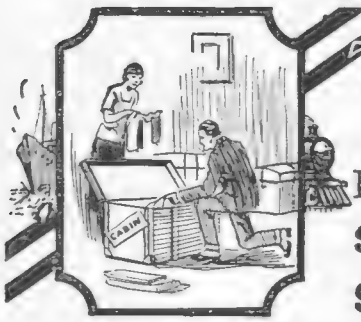

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No. 1,207—Vol. XCIII. Wednesday, February 2, 1927 [Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper.]

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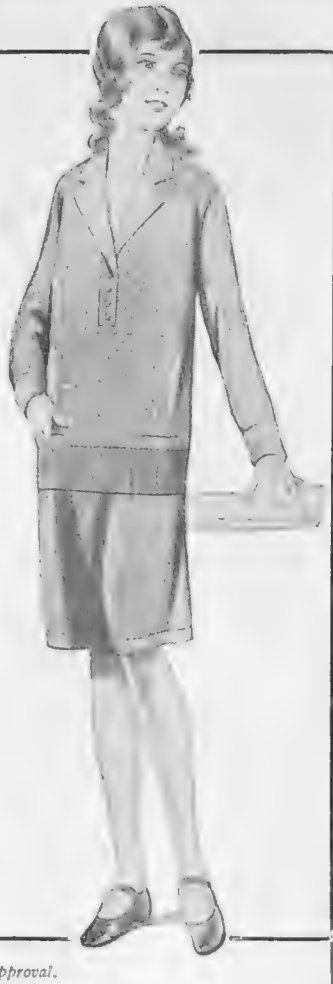

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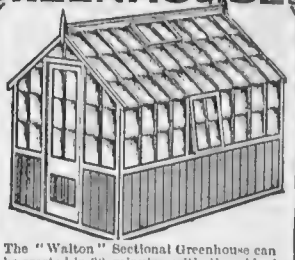

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